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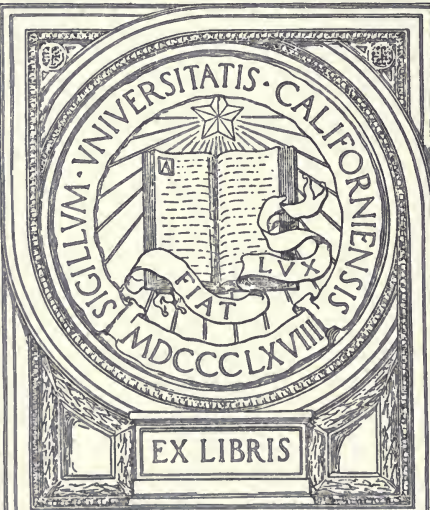
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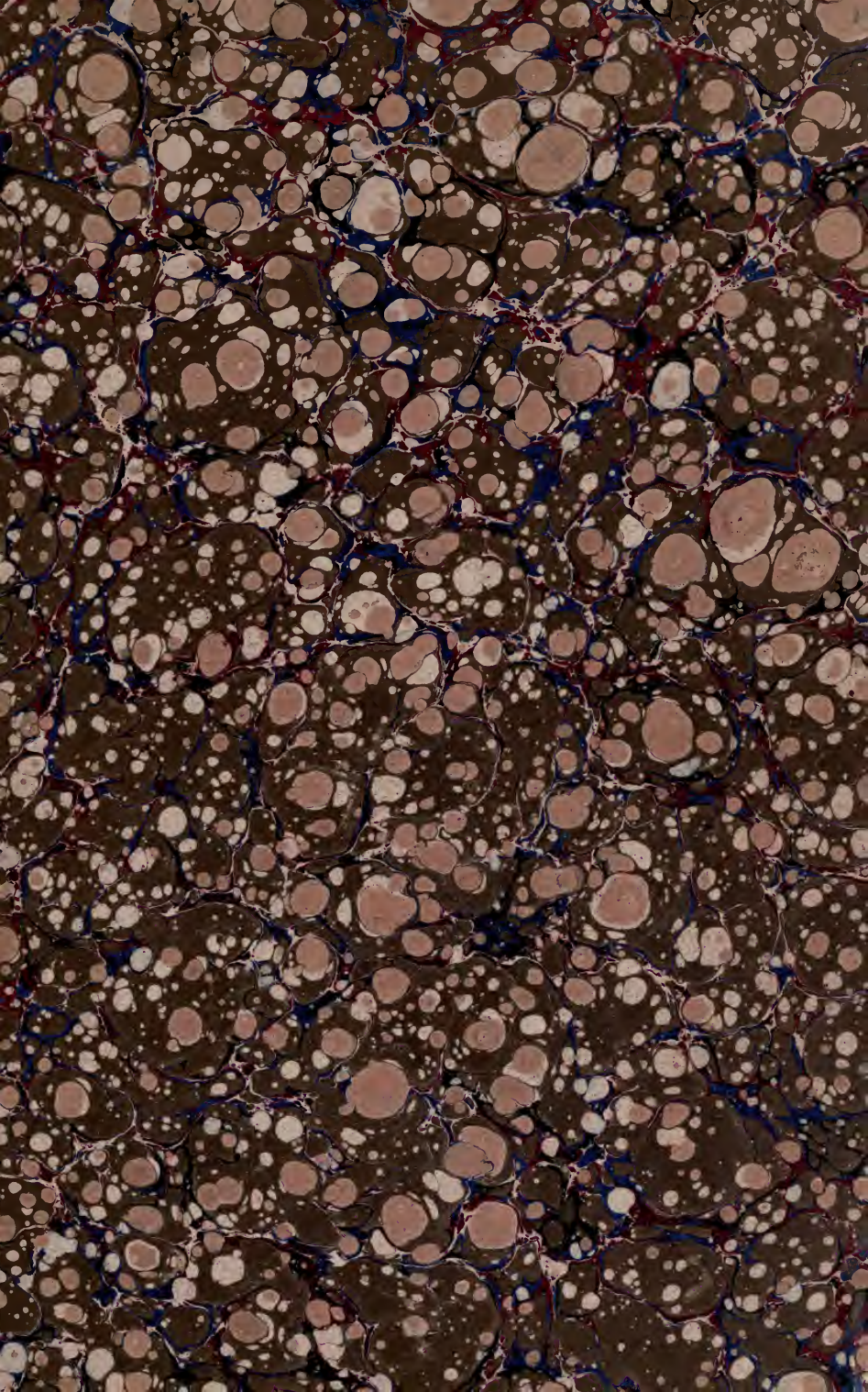
THE
MASQUE OF THE MUSES.

— • —
THOS. E. GARRETT.



GIFT OF
Miss Ella Castelhun







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THE MASQUE

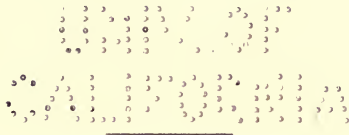
OF THE

MUSES.

BY

Edward
THOS. E. GARRETT.

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*Lillian, whoe'er thou art,
Of my life the dearest part.
Ever sought, and never found
In my weary work-day round —
Let me call thee Lillian.*

*Dear one, dreamed of, never seen ;
Something lost that might have been —
Could the fleeting fond ideal
Find fit lodgment in the real
Blooming beauty Lillian.*

*Lillian, where'er thou art,
'Biding with thee is my heart,
In thy day dream list to me
Dedicate this verse to thee —
"Airy, fairy Lillian."*





PROLOGUES.

THE MASQUE OF THE MUSES.

SPOKEN BY

EMMA STOCKMAN NORTON.

THE world is topped with temples; 'neath
their domes
Ideas build and fashion people's homes,
Their social fabric, habits, customs, speech,
And all that living learns and art may teach.

A temple of the Muses here behold
(The guardian vestals of the arts of old),
Endowed with treasures costlier than the gems
That blaze in crumbling, brow-worn diadems;
The stored rewards of thought, and toil, and strife
To make the best and most of human life —
The gold of genius and the pearls of worth,
That sum the total riches of the earth.

The muses' temple, and the hallowed shrine
Of worship, when the Ideal was Divine;
Sweet ministers of thought; its feeling, sight,
Its inspiration and its wings of flight.
Come, tuneful Nine — from old Olympus come —
Abide with us, and make our house your home.

Hark! epic strains — heroic minstrelsy —
A song of valor's deeds, and victory —
All welcome, silver-toned Calliope.

Terpsichore trips, smiling, graceful, fair,
Bounding away from load of cast-off care,
And flinging blooms of beauty in the air.

Thalia laughs at follies she indites,
And lengthens life, and heightens its delights,
Bright'ning its days and sweetening its nights.

In tragic passion rapt, Melpomene stands,
With dewy eyes and nervous, wringing hands,
And pleading voice that sympathy commands.

Euterpe — Queen of Song — or grave or gay,
As Music's spell inspires the lyric lay;
Where is the heart that yields not to thy sway?

Laborious Clio lights the scenic stage
With History's wide, illuminated page,
And makes the world the heir of every age.

Erato sings her ditties soft and low
In nooks where pairs of blushing lovers go
To double joy, and share each other's woe.

Polymnia, of meditative song,
Cheering the weak, and strengthening the strong ;
The hymn sublime still helps the world along.

Urania — goddess of the star-bright train !
Shower heaven's light down on this earthy fane,
Where "stars" are symbols of thy lustrous reign.

The Nine are come — harmonious aid to lend,
The Arts to honor, and our rites commend ;
Each with her precious gift, and all combined —
They bear the harvest yield of human kind.

'Tis garnered here — the wealth of every clime ;
'Tis here dispensed — the heritage of Time,
Dispensed to all, in wholesome mental food
For hungry souls who crave a sovereign good.

Grandly beneath the Drama's liberal reign
The people meet on Common Nature's plane.
The rich, the poor, in one commingled throng
Where all by right of kindred tastes belong.

The most that learning, all that wealth can give
Is, Life's best uses, and the Art to live.
The Art Dramatic is the living Art
To sound the depths and motives of the heart,

And lengthen for its vot'ries life's short span
By teaching man to know his fellow-man ;
To live himself — obeying duty's call,
And through his own true life to live in all.

Who enters here lives in two worlds — the Real
We leave without ; within we find th' Ideal.
In this safe refuge of the tempest-riven
We stand with feet on Earth, and head in Heaven.
The magic of the Mimic Scene transforms
To summer sunshine sorrows' clouds and storms.

Escaped from turmoil, and unchained from care,
Free fancy soars in intellect's upper air
Among the masters — wise in every tongue
That e'er was lisped in since the world was young,
Or thundered from high places to resound
Forever clear in time's eternal round.

Such are the blessings that the muses bring
Treasured in golden words the poets sing.
The heritage is ours, we prize its worth
Above the dust and grosser ores of earth ;
We hoard it not as misers clutch their gold,
Which drags them groaning to their mother mould ;
But would therewith transmute the world's increase
Into sweet concord and a golden peace.

When every man shall serve the general good,
And love enfold the human brotherhood ;
When all earth's nations harmonize as one,
Then, not till then, the drama's work is done.





TIME AND TIDE.

SPOKEN BY

ANNIE MOORE SCOTT.

THE time is the theme — and the taste of our
day
As it tends to amusement and flows into
play.

Let's lay by our work ; we're too busy by half —
Forget our vexations and honestly laugh !
The world that we live in is gloomy or bright,
As the lens of the mind is that colors the light
By which it is seen ; rub your glasses, and look
At the pages and pictures of life's open book.

Day and night — light and shade — joy, grief, peace
and strife,
And the blending of tints is the science of life.
There are manifold views and effects of the scene,
As the colors of culture are — yellow or green.
The white ray of intellect's crystalline light
Is sunshine, and can not bewilder the sight.

Good and evil are rivals, as at the beginning,
When knowledge was culprit, and set the world sin-
ning.

How to choose? That's a point on which tastes
disagree;

What is wholesome for you may be poison to me.
But common sense humanly pleads for our good,
As appetite does in the matter of food,
If the bill of fare's not to our liking, at least
We can't be compelled to sit down to the feast.
Empty benches will soon bring a change of the bills.
As dieting doctors some bodily ills.
The play's in your hands — or to make or to mar
As you sit here in judgment on author and star.

Now, what do you want? Will you laugh? Will
you weep?

Are you ranged there in rows to go sweetly to sleep?
Or would you have passion to harrow your hearts?
Or pretty spectacular nudity arts?
Is it dresses from Paris, or talents inbred?
Is it rags on the back, or brains in the head?

We've heard it asserted and claimed as a fact
That Beauty's not genius, and clothes can not act.
Dress never so fine, the attractions of face
Are stronger than satin, and velvet, and lace;

How much more mentality's jewels outshine
All gold-measured millions, and gems of the mine !
There's something to live for beside the mere soil,
The dust, and the dirt, and the pain, and the toil,
And life ought to furnish its own compensations
After climbing so many improved generations ;
And it does, if we use our five senses aright,
And steadily keep our eyes turned to the light.
There's nature, and art-works, and multiform beauty,
And all to enjoy in the straight line of duty ;
They've kept the world moving from age unto age,
And where do we love them best ? Here, on the
stage.

The time is the theme, and the tide, running high,
Leaves hollow pretensions and other drift dry.
Froth and foam — phosphorescent — when cast on
the shore,
Fall darkling, and make the beach barren the
more.

A sign of the times is a juvenile rage
To make up as players, and act on the stage —
As, who pounds piano, or scrapes violin,
Unknowing a note, but producing a din.
O ! the racket and jargon of drumming and voice ;
Nor music, nor acting — just nothing but noise,
Like the night-winds and waves in tumultuous roar,
And daylight discloses the trash on the shore.

Skippping over the time when the Drama was young,
We come to the age of our own English tongue.
Good, merry old England, we reverence thee
As the mother of freedom and mould of the free.
We love the good matron who gave us a start
In life and in morals, in speech and in art;
And — flesh of her flesh, and bone of her bone —
She taught us to build up a home of our own.
But chiefly the old country's dear to the young
Because Shakespeare's language is our mother tongue.
The bard for all time, of no country or age,
Is the growth, the flower, and the fruit of the stage,
The figure ideal, passed reverently down,
Combines in its presence both brow and the crown.

Who cries down the theater, strikes at the heart
Of popular consciousness, culture and art;
Who scoffs at the stage's imperial throne
Had best let the world-seated sovereign alone,
Nor quote him, nor know him, nor mention his name,
And see to whose lot falls the folly and shame;
They've no right to steal from him even a line,
Since his theme is human and theirs is divine.
The world builds him temples, which have their high
priests
And service of homage, and incense, and feasts;
All *we* ask is charity, peace and good will —
Long taught, but whose mission remains to fulfill.

As time gallops onward, the world goes ahead —
No retrograde movement can ever be led.
What grand scenes were played on the stage of the
West

By manager actors — now gone to their rest!
Sol Smith, Bateman, Field and DeBar in the cast,
And Ludlow still linking the present and past.
The record of changes that every year brings
Makes plain that improvement's the order of things.
This house, that is built in the room of the last,
Is proof of the present o'ertopping the past;
A conquest of Time; and the height of the tide
The floodgates of enterprise ever decide.
With brain-power and culture, and muscle and bone,
The world moves along with a force of its own.





HOME AGAIN.

OPERA HOUSE OPENING ADDRESS.

WE'RE here again, happy, and hopeful and
gay,
And favored by Fortune we've come back
to stay.

'Tis almost a year since! Friends how do you do?
You're glad to see us? Shake! We're glad to see
you!

Let's have a good time, and forget the dark days
Of clouds in the skies, and gloom in our ways; —
Remembering only the joyous, and bright,
While living as much as we may in the light.

This house that is builded where other ones stood
We dedicate now to the service of Good:
And here, to the shrine of the Muses we come
To welcome WILL SHAKESPEARE'S return to his home.
A royal reception and greeting we give him,
Assured that no monarch or man will outlive him —
The soul of his age, and the beacon of ages,
The greatest of poets, the wisest of sages.

And this is his dwelling place — right here among
A people whose language is his mother-tongue.
And we are his household — the actors, and you,
Who give us your smiles, and kind friendliness, too.
Exalt him as master, and love him as friend
And worship his genius — world without end —
Amen! By the way, — this has no church relation,
Though no church could have a more fit congregation.

O! magical Memory, turn the lorgnette
On some scenes, and figures that linger here yet.
There's Field, who first broke village barriers down,
And built a grand play-house — away out of town.
The place that was called the "Varieties" then
Was fenced in and white washed for our "Upper
Ten."

Where boys were not wanted, the boys didn't go,
And soon came disaster to "Gentleman Joe."

Then "Crooks" and "Mazeppas" like Goths and
the Vandals
Rushed into the Drama's socks, buskins and sandals;
And shapely spectacular went it full tilt,
And revelled in nudity, tinsel and gilt:
But these orgies ended in surfeit, and then
With face like the full moon rose merry old Ben —
The genial, and jolly, and jocund DeBar —
A round lump of earth, yet he shone as a star.

Here halt we a moment in Memory's glow,
And dream back "De Bar's" but a short while ago;
With old things around and the old rafters o'er us,
And Toodles, the Mock Duke, and Falstaff before us;
The royal old times, when the actors were on —
A few are still left, but a many are gone; —
He whom we most miss in this retrospect scene
Is honored with Shakespeare in Tower Grove green.

New people have come; — here are only a few
Who thronged the new house in Eighteen Fifty-two;
But 'tween you and me — (only four years have
flown)

All warmed the new house of Eighteen Eighty-
one —

You — friends who stood by us, by night, and by day,
In storm, and in sunshine, and made our work play;
Now, are you not — every one — glad you're alive
To see the new house of Eighteen Eighty-five?

Ups and downs are events in all human careers,
And change after change is the outcome of years.
While new things supply the demand of the stage,
Our *friends*, like good wine, are the better for age.
Amid new surroundings you give us good cheer; —
As old friends we welcome you heartily here;
And, all in a bunch, we take you by the hand, —
And say: — we do business still at the old stand.

Our aim is to please, and amuse you when toil
Might even the sweetest of sweet tempers spoil,
To lift off of Life the dull load that it bears,
And light up your pathways, and drive away cares —
But just for a night of Elysian dreams
That bring to the coming day unclouded beams;
The bent of our efforts is true pleasure-giving
To add to life's relish, and make it worth living.

What more can we do, in the nature of things
Than that, which in doing, most happiness brings
To you, and to us, — and in far largest measure
To those whose condition gives small means of
pleasure?

On our part, we promise to give you the best
That the market affords — North, South, East and
West;

The bill of fare's tempting for good appetite;
Good cheer, good digestion, and happy good-night!

SEPTEMBER, 1885.





MEMORIALS.

ADELAIDE NEILSON.

THE actress is dead! The obituaries have all been written, and, regardless of their varied color and tone, readers have formed their own estimate of the life and work and worth of Adelaide Neilson. It is safe to say that the verdict is one of universal admiration. The sentiment is respect, and the feeling sincere grief. A life of honest, earnest, conscientious endeavor can safely trust to *post-mortem* criticism. The truth has already been recorded in the work done, and falsehood, when the subject is forever beyond its reach and can not reply, is its own sufficient commentary upon the author or disseminator.

For many years no death in the dramatic profession has awakened so deep and general a feeling of regret and sadness as the final exit of Lilian Adelaide Neilson. It was unexpected and strange as the sudden blotting from the sky of a bright star upon which all eyes were at that moment turned. She had just bade us a professional farewell, in view of her return to England and early and permanent retirement from public life, but all who listened

to her last words still cherished the hope of seeing her again. The death of this rare and radiant woman in the very noonday of her power and the harvest time of her fame is one of those events which people can not realize until they feel the cold blank for years, and strain their eyes to recover a vision which comes no more before them. But a few days after she left our shores the peerless Neilson was dead in Paris. She had scarcely time to recover her breath after a long season's hard work before she was snatched away to rest, and nothing remains of her brilliancy but the memory of her fair outlines and those magnetic tones in which the souls of the greatest creations of the human intellect lived and breathed. The actor's art-work has no niche but actual presence on the scene; no frame but the proscenium, and no page but memory. In a moment the voice and figure are gone, and leave neither echo nor shadow. The painter transmits his pictures, the sculptor his figures, the architect his monumental columns and domes, the poet his living, breathing words, and the musician his scores, which ring on forever, but the actor leaves nothing with the stamp of his genius upon it to exemplify and perpetuate the character of his methods or the masterpieces of his art. The annals of the stage are but skeleton etchings to those who never heard or saw the vanished artist in whom the most beautiful dreams of poetry and forms of thought lived and charmed; kindly memories transferred to the printed page are the only enduring recompense. Such feelings of friendliness and a desire to render justice prompt

the writer to pen his impressions of Adelaide Neilson.

It is a matter of no moment whence she sprung, who were her ancestors, or what was her early training and condition. She came from obscurity and rose to power, and this record is an honor. It matters not whether the mingled blood of Spain and England coursed in her veins and developed a person of singular and original beauty; she entranced all eyes and ears that came within her influence, and became the world's citizen. She got a great public hearing, spoke, convinced and triumphed. For many thousands she made the world more beautiful and happy than it would have been if she had not lived in it, and her lips added a sweeter tone to the English tongue. This audience naturally feels that a part of earth's beauty has passed away and that there is less to live for since she is gone. Thus she attained a position in which she contributed largely to the world of beauty and the store of human happiness. She was one of Art's cosmopolitans.

It would be interesting to trace step by step her way to the height and breadth of public presence and power, but her beginnings, like most of the firstlings of genius, are obscure. The way up into the light was doubtless thorny and rugged and steep, for her countenance bore the lines and shadows of suffering, which the sunshine and warmth of her nature had moulded into features of sparkling expressiveness and facial eloquence. Her whole history of toil and pain was written on the many pages of her face, which she turned over and over in every hour of

mental activity during professional work, or in social intercourse with friends. It was a story of ever-changing color and interest in which glimpses of the unprinted page of girlhood could occasionally be caught.

Whatever Neilson's early surroundings and opportunities may have been, there was evidently a time in her young life when she seized upon the gifts with which nature had lavishly endowed her, turned them to the best account, and developed herself into a woman of rare culture. She was conversant with French, as most educated English people are, a good Latin scholar, and a writer of elegant English, as her friendly correspondence abundantly testifies. She was also well versed in polite and general literature, kept the run of politics and the sciences and conversed critically and entertainingly of both ancient and modern authors, among whom Shakespeare was the idol at whose shrine she worshiped.

She was poor and felt the need of a career aside from the possible promptings of ambition. In casting about for means of honorable livelihood she seems to have drifted upon the stage, and her first work there was doubtless the beginning of that culture by which she subsequently achieved distinction and renown. Her predominant qualities and natural tastes may have led her into the drama; or her appearance on the stage may have been a fortuitous accident; but she found the right place, as events proved. Such a strong and happy union of both mental and physical qualities as she possessed for her adopted profession occurs certainly not more

than once in an age, and this combination of fitnesses is the key which unlocks the secret of her power and phenomenal success.

Her self-culture gave her an intimate and thorough knowledge of herself, the materials she had at command and her capacity to use them. She knew what she had and its value so well that she never wasted time or strength in attempts to do anything which she could not master. By this common-sense economy her efforts were always well directed and crowned with the logical compensation. She put her faculties to work by rule, and instinctively followed art principles, yet in the whirlwind of action she was often caught up, lifted to a region above law and reached results by inspiration. She did everything she set out to do, and in her own way, which could not have been taught her and which she could not have taught another. She absorbed a character until it became built up and compact in her being, and she breathed into it a living soul. Often her readings would not bear the criticism of elocution, but they nevertheless produced the true artistic effects; and she had *tricks* of voice and intonation which flashed the sentiment and struck the key of awakened sympathy with harmonious touch. Thus her accompaniments to the lines, in tone, movement, business and general expression, were never out of tune. Her volume of voice was limited; she never committed the offense of overstraining it, but adopted the intense expression of suppression, which was her method of producing effects she could not reach by declamation. Her treatment grew naturally out of

her own physical and mental materials, and so developing she could never have become the slave of another's method, or an imitator of mere personality or mannerism. Her mannerisms—neither emphasized nor obtrusive—were her own, and tinted her work with a mellow individual coloring. She was a great artist—first, because she knew Neilson, and respected the acquaintance enough to be true to herself; and again because, led by true dramatic instinct and feeling, she never swerved from the path and purpose of art. With instinctive certitude she seized upon a line of characters for which, in person, she seemed to have been specially created, and held them with such a grasp that none of her competitors could wrest them from her. She appropriated them by the right of conquest, and held them by the might of both body and mind. They were Shakespeare's women—the noblest ideal types of womanhood—Juliet, Rosalind, Viola, Imogen and Isabella. She looked into Shakespeare's page as into a mirror wherein she viewed in reflected transfiguration the characters as they would appear in her embodiment. She became incandescent of the character and arose from her studies—not a superficial reflection of Juliet and the others, but the living ideal, glowing with the bard's poetic fire in a figure fitly framed to embody his dreams of beauty. She filled the eye first as the ideal form; she moved and spoke and the illusion was perfect. She felt, rejoiced and suffered with the character, and actually passed through every passion and emotion implied by the dramatic situation. She did not simulate either smiles or tears—they

came unbidden and were beyond her control when she and the character were moulded into one under the poetic spell. The woman was oblivious of the world around her while she ministered as high priestess in the consecrated temple of art.

Neilson's first love and most renowned character was Juliet, though it is doubtful if Juliet were her most excellent work. Still, it is beyond question she was the great Juliet of her time, if not the greatest of all time. The annals and traditions of the English stage have no previous records of a mind and physique combining such poetic and personal fitness for that opening bud of maiden's love, as they harmoniously blended and bloomed in the Juliet of Adelaide Neilson. Could he have seen her, the great bard himself would have been cheated into believing the reality of his own beauty dream. But it was in comedy that Neilson felt especially at home and was essentially great. Among the heroines of Shakespearian comedy she reigned supreme, rose to heights of excellence never before attained and left no one in sight worthy to take up and wear her toppled crown. Suddenly dashed from her brow, it lies as it fell — its gems enshrouded in mourning wreaths, sacred to the memory of Rosalind, Viola and Imogen, and Juliet from the balcony can not say as once she did: —

“Stay but a little, I will come again.”

Juliet will be long coming.

Neilson's industry was untiring, her energy indomitable and her study severe and perpetual. When

speaking of her characters she dropped into them trance-like and seemed to think their thoughts and utter their souls. Juliet was her training companion until the fierce heat of young and disastrous love melted actress and character into one. From this plastic congeniality, heated by the fire of genius and ever in action, other characters were rounded and forms moulded as life dashed on. There was no stopping place, no rest. After years of toil devoted to each, Rosalind and Viola and Imogen successively came in her person and were indissolubly mingled in her being. In these noble female characters who don the masculine garb, the actress was singularly graceful under the disguise and conscientiously true to the dramatic purpose. The dramatist's delicate poetic tracery of feminine purity and modesty in the masculine mask never received finer touch and coloring than at the hands of this greatest Shakespearian comedienne. She especially loved Imogen as Shakespeare's paragon woman — combining in her character the true love and young passion of Juliet, the romantic devotion of Rosalind, and the pathetic constancy and fidelity of Viola. And with Imogen Neilson's work was crowned.

Adelaide Neilson was one of the few dramatic artists who stood faithfully and lovingly by the legitimate English drama during its years of peril from the vicious French invasion and the pernicious undressed and unwashed camp followers; and be it said to her lasting honor that she earned her triumphs in making lovable models of virtue presented in the highest types of her sex. This was the aim and

the grand result of her life-work in the field of dramatic art, and no actress, living or dead, has performed her mission more thoroughly or deserves a dearer place in English memory.

Her public career stamped her as a woman of the world by the same law that would in private surroundings have made her a darling of society. Her lot was cast in the light of public gaze constantly beating upon her, and this pervading publicity always throws personal character upon the defensive. She had but few intimate friends, and even among the few, some crawled into her confidence who proved unworthy of trust. Those whose friendship she rejected confirmed her judgment by the character of their retaliation. She was grossly abused; she suffered intensely, and she was capable of supreme happiness. She had corresponding depressions—dark moments—but her spirit was elastic and soon rebounded into the light. The soul of summer sunshine streamed gleeful and golden around her little social circle, when worldly reserve gave place to natural impulse. She forgot herself in her friends, and lived every one's enjoyment, which so much magnified her own. She was a fluent conversationalist, natural in manner, spontaneous in matter, overflowing with good humor and quick at repartee. Her humor was kindly and her topics were all womanly. She had no heartless jests or hard words for her friends or foes, and no harsh criticisms for her professional sisters and brothers. If she had nothing good to say, she said nothing. As a member she honored her profession. Her manners and speech were singularly

refined, her impulses were all generous and noble, and her friendships sincere. Her heart sprang to the surface at a tale of distress, and her hand obeyed the finest instincts of human nature in the practice of charity, her many acts of which were strictly private and never paraded in print. She had a just estimate of the commercial value of her work and was a strict woman of business. Her rigid principles and habits of business sometimes subjected her to the charge of grasping parsimony, which did her heart wrong and misprized her generous nature. If those with whom she had business transactions would consult their books and compare her figures with other similar profits, they will write down "justice" to her credit at the close of their last accounts.

No one could have been in the company of Adelaide Neilson five minutes without receiving the impression that she was a woman of rich mental resources, wide cultivation, great experience of the world and extraordinary force of character. Her presence was magnetic and filled the room with its quiet luminousness. There was nothing exaggerated or emphasized or loud or stagy in her demeanor — quite the reverse. While an entertaining talker, she was an attentive listener. She never spoke of her profession or her own work unless the subject was introduced by another, and then she was charmingly communicative on matters pertaining to the stage. But she talked more of the general principles of art and the development of dramatic characters than of what she herself did or aimed to do. She had strong opinions upon these subjects, which showed the

character of her studies, the thoroughness of her art-culture, and that she knew every step of the way to her results and position.

There was also in the Neilson presence a strange, indescribable something, which, notwithstanding her artless openness, hinted of untold trials and unwritten history. To those who made her a study she was an enigma constantly giving her own solution—yet still an enigma. She apparently laid herself defenseless, yet she was still armed. The luminous impression she photographed of herself yesterday was not exactly her picture of to-day. She was always the same, yet ever new, and she seemed to have a reserved mentality like a shield, always at command. This attitude of intellectual defense may have been taken and maintained in consequence of domestic troubles, which were supposed to be known to all, but which could not be openly discussed. She was married young and unhappily; there was no congeniality of temperament or tastes in the life partnership, and there were other causes which impelled her to seek divorce, and enabled her to obtain it. The decree was granted in New York, after she had been legally enrolled in the court records as a citizen of the United States. These proceedings made rumor busy with her name, but she continued her work with ever culminating success.

Before her last visit to this country, in performance of that series of engagements which was her last, she had engaged herself to marry an English gentleman of rank and high social position, which contract included her final retirement from public life. This

matrimonial engagement has been the theme of much discussion by correspondents and comment by editors, altogether placing her in a false light. When she was last in St. Louis she distinctly stated to the writer that she was compelled to leave the stage to save her life, and that she was to marry a gentleman—twenty years her senior—connected with the British Court, who had been long a suitor for her hand. She did not mention the name, but certain references and statements since her death leave little doubt that her betrothed was Rear Admiral Hon. Henry Carr Glyn, C. B., C. S. I., whose name has been mentioned in connection with her death and funeral. Physicians had already admonished her that her work was killing her, and she often had warnings that this was true. She worked with every faculty of her mind and every nerve and fiber of her body, and from such severe tension, after her acts she often fell, fainting. She used to say that after the potion scene of Juliet her heart seemed to “shut up” suddenly and cease its functions. During her seasons of work many of her day-times were racks of pain, in the tortures of which she would have given the whole profits of her engagement for “just one day off,” as she quaintly expressed it. Thus she became a martyr to her art, and too early died the martyr’s death.

In person Adelaide Neilson was a woman of wonderful fascination and charm. Her figure was slender and lithe; her complexion brunette, and her hair golden brown. Separately her features were not regularly handsome, excepting the great lustrous

eyes, of wondrous depth, yet in action her face was music, and poetry, and painting incarnate — a beauty-trinity. The make-up for character, of stage usage, and necessity, did not heighten her personal charm, for she was even more dazzling off the stage than on. Her social friends were favored with the best of her, and saw her in her richest beauty's light and life. Her popularity and professional success were by some placed to the credit of her personal attractions, but she grandly triumphed over this slighting imputation. The best proof of the victory of the intellectual over the merely factitious in her composition is the fact that the large majority of her audiences and admirers were of her own sex. The ladies everywhere outbid and outdid the gentlemen in yielding her their incense of admiration. The source of this attraction was Neilson's own large humanity and broad womanhood, which compelled responsive homage. The diamond is never eclipsed by its setting, and Neilson's chiefest jewel was her true feminine mentality.

During her last visit to St. Louis some friends took her to see the bronze Shakespeare in Tower Grove Park, with which she was greatly pleased, and which she regarded as more eloquent of power than any Shakespeare she had ever seen. She looked at the statue and the embellishments of its pedestal from all points of view, and became desirous of contributing something to the Shakespeare surroundings. She promised to visit Stratford at her earliest convenience, obtain a slip of the Shakespeare mulberry and send it over to be planted in her name. She stepped

off the ground at the back of the statue and marked the spot where she would like the tree to grow. She was not permitted to fulfill her promise.

In the death of Adelaide Neilson the English stage was robbed of one of its chiefest adornments, and the drama of one of its potent exponents. Each individual of her great audience feels her "taking off" as a personal loss, a sad bereavement of the eye and heart, and many Americans who may hereafter visit England will make pilgrimages of love and memory to a grave at Brompton.





THE NEILSON MULBERRY.

ONE windy afternoon in March, 1880, Adelaide Neilson went with friends to Tower Grove Park, St. Louis, to see the Shakespeare bronze, descriptions of which had awakened her interest. To one of the friends she had written from a distant city:—

“A little strolling player will soon visit dear St. Louis, alas! for the last time! Thinking of it I weep tears of sorrow!”

As she had resolved to retire from her profession and live at home, in England, she felt it her duty to see the Tower Grove statues. Neilson was in her happiest mood, and yet she seemed to chat and laugh under a shadow. She had frequent warnings. The doctors had told her to quit work, she said, but the sudden summons would come. She was sure of that, and the certainty gave her life a new zest.

The drive in the park was exhilarating, and she was brilliant as nature's budding green. The “Humboldt” was soon passed, for “Shakespeare,” in sight, attracted her with a magnet's charm. She stood before the figure for a time in reverence. She viewed it from all sides, in the changing lights and shadows of a mottled sky, and talked while she walked. The “Shakespeare” lived to her, and she was familiar yet solemn in the presence.

"Old fellow, you have done a great deal for me, a great deal for me," she repeated, slowly weighing her words and nodding her head. She finally came to a stand and said: "Here it has the greatest power of expression and pose."

The point of view was quartering to the north, about forty feet from the base. The inspection over, she was asked what she thought of it, and she replied:

"I think that among all the Shakespeare memorials, public and private, this is the best I have seen."

One of the friends suggested that she might furnish a memento of her visit to the statue by sending a Shakespeare mulberry to be planted near. Her face lighted up as she replied:—

"I shall be too happy! It will be a pleasure, and I feel honored in the privilege."

She then stepped off several paces from the base at the back of the statue, until the distance seemed right, and turning her dainty boot-heel in the sod, she said:—

"Soon as I return to England, I shall go to Stratford first, before London, and I promise to send a Shakespeare mulberry slip to be planted here."

And when the carriage moved away her face was turned to the "Shakespeare" as long as it was in sight.

She never saw Stratford again, and only her dust ever reached England.

The promised mulberry "slip" never came, but Mr. Henry Shaw furnished a mulberry tree from his gardens, and he and Mr. N. M. Ludlow, the oldest actor and dramatic manager living, Mr. Thomas Dimmock, one of the "friends," and Thomas E.

Garrett, planted the tree at the spot designated, in memory of the great Juliet, Rosalind, Viola, and Imogene, — Adelaide Neilson, whose art and person created and embodied the most perfect verisimilitudes of these lovely women of Shakespeare probably that the world ever saw.

Mr. Shaw supplemented this act with a marble tablet bearing the inscription: "Mulberry tree, planted on the spot marked by Adelaide Neilson March 25, 1880."

And the "Neilson mulberry," in the place of the "Shakespeare slip," buds, blossoms and bears, and will keep the "little strolling player's" memory green in the years to come.

IN MEMORIAM.

The spirit of Nature, robed in leafy green,
Finds here her favorite pleasure-ground retreat;
Where toilsome Art has set the sylvan scene,
And strewn rich tributes at her mistress' feet.
Humboldt and Shakespeare in one vista rise —
Explorers of untrodden ways — untaught!
The one, by conquest, made the earth man's prize,
The other crystallized the world of thought.
In Shakespeare's presence Neilson bowed the knee —
Here later pilgrims come to honor her,
And here the poet's own memorial tree
Recalls sweet Juliet's best interpreter.
O Mother Nature! these lived near to thee —
Thy chosen children — born to tell thy truth;
And here they keep thy loving company,
And share the bloom of thine eternal youth.



MATILDA HERON.

MATILDA HERON had been an invalid for some years, living in close retirement. During this period of seclusion she was also the recipient of public and private benefits from her professional friends, who never forgot or deserted her, but attentively ministered to her comforts. Matilda Heron had a daughter whom she trained for professional life. The reciprocal idolatry between the mother and daughter was beautiful. The mother seemed to be sensible of an incomplete career, and she gathered up the wrecks of her hopes and filled the girl with their spirit that the daughter might complete what the mother left unfinished. The daughter was blind to the raggedness of these wrecks and regarded her mother as crowned with a rosy fame which could never fade. This intercourse and confidence was a peculiarly sweet association of the invalid's darkened chamber in her latter years. Bijou was a bright spark struck out of Matilda Heron's being by the flint and steel of circumstances, and her life closed in the radiance of its'light.

Matilda Heron was of Irish extraction, and her family took up their residence in Philadelphia during her early years. She received a seminary education

and at an upper window of the seminary Matilda Heron dreamed her first dream of fame. The stormy applause of the theater shot across the street on summer nights and found an echo in the school girl's heart. She resolved to become an actress, and without the knowledge of her family she placed herself under the instruction of Mr. Peter Richings. She proved an apt pupil, and made her debut as *Bianca* in the tragedy of "Fazio." She had already mastered the words of five or six of the leading heroines of the drama. But she was not qualified for a leading lady in a company, and had not the prestige to command attention as a star. She was, therefore, obliged to come down the ladder and go to work at the bottom of it. After years of patient toil she set sail for Europe, alone. She went to see the world and study her art, and drifted to Paris. Here, at the theater one night an incident occurred which opened to her a world of hope and promise. She was sitting at the play "Camille" absorbed in the scenes when some one familiarly tapped her on the shoulder, and said, "Tilly, that's a play that would make your fortune, if you would translate it for America." It was Alexander Heron — her brother — whom she had not seen or spoken to for years, who had given himself this novel re-introduction. The brother and sister were thus reconciled, after a long estrangement, and saw Paris together. Matilda Heron translated and adapted the play for American presentation, and brought it home with her. It proved the realization of the school girl's dream of fame.

She played Camille, in all, nearly two thousand times. The latter part of Matilda Heron's public life was somewhat clouded by unfortunate domestic relations, but it was still illuminated with brilliant memories. She was married in New York to a Mr. Robert Stoepel, a musician, and the fruits of this union were domestic discontent and two or three children, of whom Bijou Heron (Stoepel) is the only survivor, and the custodian of her mother's name.

Matilda Heron's life was one of the most romantic of stage careers, and towards the last she was possessed with an idea of writing it, or having it written. The following is an extract from a letter on this subject. It is dated San Francisco, October 20, 1872 — while she was there attending to the "Heron-Byrne case."

"Possibly you have seen accounts of the ordeal I am passing through here, and if so you have learned a part of what I have lately suffered. But the great Ruler above knows the burning suffering of my crushed heart during the past seven years. To Him alone I confided my great woe, and still know He who doeth all things well will not desert me. I am tormented past endurance with the heart sores and mental turbulence which the fates have visited upon me, for I can not believe that the Healing One has had a hand in my most lamentable and pathetic history. Religion alone has kept my soul alive; my darling child has preserved my heart. As for my body, were it not for those other two divine strengths it would have been mouldering long ago.

"Now I desire to tell you that I am writing my life from the time I was a child seven years old in Ireland. When once I spoke to you of writing my life, little did I dream then of the clouded chapters destined to be added to it. The Heron-Byrne case is the most intricate to adjudge that has ever come up. In fact it is puzzling every head concerned in it except my own—Matilda Heron, plaintiff; Henry Byrne, her husband; Robert Stoepel, husband No. 2; Edward Carpenter, defendant. We are all a pretty set in a pretty mess. The only joke about it is that it is poor Camille who has got them into a scrape. But to my life. It will be too voluminous, I fear. I am now only up to my eighteenth year, and I am told by experts that I have written a volume already. It will include all that has passed in my eventful years, comic, humorous, serious and tragic."

Another letter on the same subject is dated New York, September 22, 1873:—

"My life sketches are almost completed. My aim, indeed my sole purpose, has been to show a faithful picture of the struggles, hopes, disappointments, failures, successes, clouds and sunshine through which an artist may be tempest-tossed upon the sea of ambition and yet triumph in the end. But a holier purpose far, also, has urged me to this little history, namely: To give strength to toiling, struggling youth and virtue; to show that even after daisies, thorns, laurels, darkness and failure—with a pure record in the past, and faith in heaven at all times, the heart, however scarred; the mind, however racked; the

spirit, however broken ; the scorpion sting of ingratitude, the wreck of our shattered household gods—all this, and more and worse, may be and can be made well—all soothed, all healed by the glad sunshine of blameless memories, a pure heart, holy purpose, a determined will and God on our side. There's where the heart's-ease comes in."

These extracts are introduced to show how the woman thought of the troubles that beset her, and how she derived consolation in the further thought that her life history might be of benefit to others. Matilda Heron was an erratic genius—in this respect not unlike some others who have adorned the stage. She was impulsive in the extreme, which trait made friends as a magnet picks up needles, and sometimes these friends injured her, but she soon forgave their stabs. Her impulses were all good. There have been longer careers than Matilda Heron's, but none more brilliant on the American stage. She came out of darkness, like a meteor, swept the skies with a wonderful light, and has now faded from sight, but her course is still luminous with the glory of her art.





NATHANIEL PASCHALL.



VACANT place is here, a soul has flown
To the dim regions of the vast unknown ;
A friend we knew and loved, a man of might,
Has burst his bonds of clay, and joined his
kindred light.

In every walk of varied life's career
A good man is a monarch in his sphere.
Ambition's farthest goal may be denied —
A master's mind exults in master-pride ;
Creates its solace for misfortune's stings,
And rises grand — above all little things.
Despite ancestral pomp, and strain of blood,
The truly great are still the purely good.

Such was the man we mourn ; in him we knew
How much of life to one's own self is due.
His bright example of achieved success,
Conferring blessings, taught the way to bless.
Ambitious only for the general weal,
He felt his mission, and made others feel.

His plodding tracks are evermore defined
In empire's progress and the march of mind.
The people's champion — worthy of their trust,
His pen was mighty, as his cause was just.
Sincere of purpose, conscious of his sway,
He raised his hand, and pointed out the way.
The Nestor of the Press, his name alone
Outlasts the crumbling monumental stone.





GEORGE KNAPP.



MAN of the people, he came
Among humble toilers to toil —
Unfearing his hands to soil,
And zealous to earn a good name.

A man 'mid his fellows he rose,
Of strong and resolute will,
A mission to follow and fill —
Admired of his friends and his foes.

A hero of action and deeds —
He loved and strove for the right,
And error was foiled in the fight
Of popular measures and needs.

A fast friend of all friends forever ;
The ties he made lasted thro' life,
Unloosed by fortune or strife —
Strong bonds that Death only could sever.

A bulwark of Honor he stood —
Unsullied as when life began —
The full years allotted to man,
And died — beloved, honored and good.

A man of the Future he stands,
Assured by his work in the Past;
He still lives and labors — while last
The monuments reared by his hands.

A man of the People he came —
Their champion, raised to command;
He grew up — a power in the land,
And history honors his name.





THREE STAGES.

DELIVERED AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE PIONEER.

THE time and place: No matter when or
where —
Suffice it that our ancestors were there,

Who, with the headstrong passions we possess,

In uncurbed force, subdued a wilderness.

'Twas somewhere in a broad and sunbright land,
Ice-walled and seagirt; one from strand to strand.
In places where men grew too thick to thrive,
Like bees they swarmed and formed another hive.
The hardest types of industry thus went
Singing to voluntary banishment,
Leaving the drones and others well to do —
Plenty for one, yet not enough for two;

But whither bound none knew ; none seemed to care,
'Twas toward the sunset ; luck go with them there !
The gossip said : They bundled up their goods
And ran a wild-goose chase to some backwoods.
They'll come to grief and be sold out for debt ;
They're such a roving, dreamy, thriftless set.
The emigrant was thus consigned to doom
For worthlessness and morbid want of room.

At first none know the movers as they wind
Along the highway, leaving home behind ;
Far on the way their tattered canvas grows
Familiar to each blustering wind that blows.
The toilsome route as by enchantment teems
With friendly huts and cheery log-fire gleams.
The sun-browned settlers, from their open door,
Behold the scene they acted years before.
The burly wagon leaves no room for doubt ;
They know the flax-haired children peering out,
The patient oxen laboring at the tongue,
The oozy tar-can 'neath the axle swung.
The dog, fatigued with fruitless range for game,
Called up, is first made known to them by name.
The careful wife, who 'mid her household sits
Enthroned, and gaily singing while she knits ;
The man who urges on his jaded team —
They know them all in some remembered dream.

They know the country — every foot of ground,
And rock, and tree, and stream for leagues around.
They know the pressing need that sometimes sends
A man from home to find his truest friends.
They know full well he can not reach that day
Their next door neighbor, twenty miles away ;
They know the stranger, offer him good cheer,
And thus they speed the hardy pioneer.

Though strange at first, the truth he soon must
own —

The further gone, the better he is known.
Where men are few and far, their fates control
A nearer, dearer sympathy of soul,
Which robs the distance of its lonesome length
And gives the friendly hand-shake mystic strength.
He trusts the inspiration of that grip,
Which seals the bond of Man's relationship.
The daring spirit which disturbed his rest
Sways all the wide expansion of the West,
And brings his heart where every man can feel
Its throbbing pulse ; its deepest depths unseal.
He breathes the prairie air ; his mind responds
To every breath, and bursts its narrow bonds.
The common cause makes every man his friend,
And dreams of power with all his future blend.

His journey ends — by no blind fall of chance ;
He owes to progress one firm step's advance ;

With hopeful heart, and faith in his strong hand,
He builds his home beyond the Border-Land,
The frontier circle strengthens its defense —
By him extends its vast circumference.
He wields the forces of new growth and skill;
New forms spring up directed by his will.
He tills the soil, or hammers at his trade,
And deep foundations of his life are laid.
He plants — with all its good and evil rife —
The tree of knowledge by the fount of life;
The fruit it bears in blest abundance grows,
And now the desert blossoms as the rose.

Where no law rules with penalties and pains,
'Tis held that absolute perfection reigns;
We find perfection free from blot or flaw —
The wilds of earth without the need of law —
Creation's perfect form. Why uncreate,
That cruder means may build th' imperfect state?
Perforce: Since first the roll of dates began
'Twas said and sung the world was made for man.
And if for man, 'twas needful, as 'twas due,
That something still was left for him to do;
And since the primal world began to move,
Progress implied the margin to improve.

All through this region of the rose and vine
Are pilgrims plodding toward some mountain shrine,

The belt of thrift extending o'er their track,
With hand to plough, and never looking back ;
The wild herds driving from their lessening range,
And yielding fruits to nature's law of change ;
Benign crusaders, innocent of fame,
Who Holy Lands from barren sloth reclaim,
And draw from labor's almoner bright coin
Of honest ring, which greed can not purloin.

The pioneer, cast out, has found a clime
Beyond the range of twin-born law and crime.
The civic law that cramped his means for bread,
The social crime of begging to be fed ;
Escaped from bondage, he a FREEMAN grew,
And from the waste he moulds the world anew.
He grasps the hills — they to his sinews yield ;
He treads the plain, and springs the fallow field.
For battle primed, he ploughs and sows and reaps ;
His armor guards his pillow while he sleeps.
All nature is at war with him ; his foes
Poison the air, taint every brook that flows ;
His cabin is besieged from hill and glen
By savage beasts and still more savage men.
His rifle is his law, and none can blame
Its sentence rendered with unerring aim.
Full triumph crowns the prowess of his hand,
And brings his home within the Border-Land.
From such a shoot springs many a family tree,
And who would scorn such noble ancestry ?

THE MERCHANT.

The scene is changed. No more the howling waste.
Queen Beauty reigns with nature's jewels graced,
Where gloomed the woodland, wave the flags of
corn,

And roses bloom where spread the prickly thorn.
Where deep in woods one shadowy hut was seen,
Bright groups of dwellings nestle on the green.
The savage beasts and savage men are gone
Together, with their hunter following on.
Their tracks of fire and blood are overgrown ;
The monumental mounds remain alone.

The pioneer has ripened in renown ;
His cabin is the oldest house in town,
And he the oldest citizen, whose tongue
Is rich in marvels for the old and young.
He tells them what his rash adventures cost ;
How one dark night his youngest child was lost ;
And how another bright and manly boy —
A father's hope, a mother's darling joy —
Pursuing hostile bands — a tearful tale —
Fell at his side upon the Indian trail.
And how the savage yells then rent the air,
And war-paint brightened with its demon glare,
When flashing shots revealed the ambuscade,
And shot for shot death-dealing havoc made.

Heroic deeds forever past and gone —
Dim memory's pension old age lives upon!
The shining links of sturdy manhood cast,
Which bind the present to the lusty past.

The backwoodsman, one day, in loath surprise,
Saw curling smoke from other chimneys rise;
One, two, three, four; and soon they closed him round,
It seemed they left him scarce an inch of ground.
The scattering town became a trading mart —
A halting place to gather strength and heart,
For danger's front on plains unknown before,
Which swept in grandeur toward the golden shore.
Before the plateau where the village stood,
A wide majestic river poured his flood,
Far southward dashing on his heaving breast
The gathered waters of the great Northwest.

Down from the frozen cloud-land of the North
This genius of the valley wanders forth,
Distilling snows beneath his vapory wings
To strew his southern course with cooling springs.
He touches with his watery wand the hills,
And dancing down their sides come laughing rills,
Which mingle colors as they onward glide
And paint the landscape spread on every side.
Flushed by the river-god's engaging wiles,
The country's face breaks forth in joyous smiles.

Upon the upland plain he lays his hand,
And marvellous cities rise at his command —
Endowed with all that nature's stores can give,
The magic of his spirit bids them live.
Unbarred he rolls upon his wheeling throne
From endless snow to endless summer's zone,
And pours out treasures for the people's needs,
Who call him "Father" for his generous deeds.

The frontier city, fed with such supplies,
Becomes the object of its own surprise.
From barbarous tribes against its growth arrayed
It draws its life by alchemy of trade.
The traders move their post to mountains far
Where trappers roam and wage their savage war;
The forts are razed, block houses disappear,
And merchants count their thousands year by year.
The mighty river bears upon his breast
The teeming products of the great Northwest.

Still one reproach! The bane of envy's breast —
Some one pronounced it good — but like the West.
The merchant, heaping riches year by year,
A grain of truth discerned beneath the sneer.
He saw it was not progress to sit down
And let the river cultivate the town.
So gathered up his wits to put at rest
The noisy humdrum rattled at the West.

He planned, with hope of good results to flow,
A trade, and traffic, and industrial show;
Where each should bring *the thing* to demonstrate
How men could make a city grandly great,
They came — the merchants with their stuffs and
wares,
They came — the farmers with their shining shares;
They came — the builders with design and draft;
They came — mechanics with their handicraft.
Huge stacks appeared of various stuffs for bread;
Of Indian weed, and iron ore, and lead:
Of furs and clothing there was many a pack,
And precious stones — for building; diamonds —
black.
And hemp and cotton products — bale and coil —
And all the wealth of corn, and wine, and oil,
But one, a deep-brow'd man of studious looks,
Came bending with a cumbrous load of books.
Some others laughed at him, but some there were
Who praised the impulse that had led him there.
He thus addressed them:

In these honored tomes
We find the surest pledge of happy homes;
The rest is trash, if culture be denied —
More rich than all our treasure-house beside.
With giant strength impelled by youthful fire,
We swamp the wheels of progress in the mire,

When education lags so far behind
The pride of fortune and the need of mind.
The age demands another class of books
Than balanced ledgers, or the running brooks.
It asks for libraries, and mental tools,
And learned colleges, and public schools —
In them the spirits of the world's great men
Forever dwell, and live with us again.
Invite them here : accept their helping hand
To move our city from the Border Land ;
And found a central mart round which may roll
North, South, East, West — a true commercial pole.

Let us the law of equity obey,
And render sterling justice, come what may :
We're now in court to try our people's cause,
And plead revival of high social laws :
I've brought these text-books for our empty shelves ;
They read the law of justice to ourselves —
That solid basis upon which shall stand
Our wealth, our power, our station in the land.
They heard his words : they gave one ringing cheer ;
The first result : we may behold it here.

THE STATESMAN.

The purer springs of being sweetly swell
As from the depths of life's artesian well.
Through digging deep the crystal waters flow
To quench the thirst contracted long ago.

The new life dawns 'mid novel sights and sounds,
And routine wanders from its beaten rounds.
The solemn slumber of the good old times
Awoke one morning roused by merrier chimes :
Dear slow coach customs bred of by-gone days
Were jostled from the track by iron ways :
The lightning's wing was summoned from the sun
To do earth's errands, post boy's feet had run.
High arches lightly springing over streams,
Had realized in form our spirit-dreams —
Clothed in the penciled bows prismatic sheen,
Born of two worlds, with just a span between.
Both space and time had yielded to the sway
Of subtle forces mixed with human clay :
Distance dissolved ; and in the lives of men
One year contained the former breadth of ten.
What more can come as earth's increasing dower ?
What more can magnify man's realm of power ?

The soul of art — restoring by its grace
The lost ideal of a perfect race.
The forms of art — by which the struggling poor
May own a world of beauty at their door.
The moulds in which their better selves they see,
And learn that labor is nobility.

The blocks rough-hewn of which our temple stands
Were squared and laid by wisdom's loving hands :

Expanding zeal has not its strength outgrown,
And plastic beauty dwells within the stone.

Of highest endeavor in our times of strife,
The statesman wears the crown of civil life.
He grasps the meaning of the moving scene —
His country's honor towering in his mien ;
He breathes the blast, or lulls the storms of state —
A part of every storm that makes him great ;
He stamps the laws of nations with his name ;
Among their archives lives his ripened fame.
His life is one great prayer to recreate
A perfect world within a perfect state :
The greater in the less — so progress tends,
And so forever fails to reach its ends :
Save in the charming semblance which it draws
Of peace, beyond the changing sphere of laws.

Happy the land whose sons supremely great
Pronounced the people sovereign in the state ;
Who, by the West the way of Empire planned
To reach again their Eastern Fatherland,
Whose beacons flash far o'er the circling seas,
And light the rear of darkened centuries.

Honor to him whose prescient sight begun
To look for India toward the setting sun.
Whose mind far-piercing saw the coming day,
When passless heights would bear the iron way.

Crag yielded to his voice that never bent
Before the storms that shook the firmament.
He spoke: the truth was living on his tongue,
And with his words the world's horizon rung:
THERE IS THE EAST. Beyond the mountains where
The sun sank down, we went, and found it there.
Bright, burning words—fit crown for his career;
Star of the West! The brightest in our sphere.
Until the world in swallowing darkness drops
His light will linger on the mountain tops.
We, with the daring which his presence lent
Should hew a mountain for his monument!
High on its peak, in characters of flame
Among the stars should glitter BENTON'S name.

The human stream long stagnant at its source,
In dashing westward gained in breadth and force.
The mantling pool with face unruffled lies
Still, staring sphinx-like at the Indian skies.
The living waters rolled with freshening sweep
And man became a boisterous, billowy deep.
The mass contained fierce elements of war,
And lashed by storms, the clouds were borne afar.
Until they fell 'mid peaceful rainbow gleams,
And other fountains nourished other streams.
The desert, laughing, woke with glad surprise,
And other gardens bloomed 'neath other skies.
Beneath the sky-emblazoned banner bright,

The currents sparkle with a living light,
And carry to the sunset's crimson bars
The glow of all our galaxy of stars :
Resistless foams and pours the surging host
Adown the mountains of the golden coast :
Impetuous, free and scorning tranquil ease
They leap the west-gate of the Indian seas.
As from the clouds they seek their place of birth
And draw a living girdle 'round the earth.
The light which fades from evening's closing eyes
Bursts through the opening lids of morning skies.
The setting beam by tall Sierras hid
Awakes the dawn on mosque and pyramid :
The East and West merge worlds across the main,
And guard their compact with a golden chain.

Our country : When in song we speak thy name,
We give thee his whose 'twas by rightful claim,
COLUMBIA — daughter of a virgin clime —
Thou grandest figure in the halls of Time :
Exalted, thou canst view on either hand
Thy kindred peoples drawn from every land,
Far as thy vision bears, deep waving shades
Surround savannas green and blooming glades.
The fairest types of every product known,
In rich abundance cluster in thy zone.
Around thy waist a dazzling armor gleams
With spreading lakes and rippling silver streams.

Thy delicate hands the trenchant blade can wield
In danger's hour, or till the peaceful field.
Thy bosom swells with pride for labor done,
And hope for greater things yet scarce begun.
Beneath thy feet expands the gulf's deep stream,
Warmed by the fervid equatorial beam,
Thy face is bright with youth's eternal glow ;
Alaska wreathes thy brow with pearls of snow.

Our country calls : her sons obey the voice
Which summons to her side her men of choice ;
An old tradition — which is told to teach,
Preserves in words like these her maiden speech :
I am the people — in their name addressed ;
I am the people — by their will expressed.
The people's difference, and their will are ONE
Their verdict makes each man a sovereign ;
Through me he speaks, oh may his mandate be
An utterance worthy him, and worthy me.
Then elevate the people to that height
Which sweeps the scope of every human right ;
In universal culture thrives the tree
Which bears the ripened fruit of Liberty.
'Tis education lifts high over all
Your fair ideal on its pedestal ;
Uphold it there, while Time his cycle runs,
By all the love your fathers bore their sons ;

To Freedom sacred, and the feared of wrong,
The boast of story, and the loved of song.

Columbia — daughter of a virgin clime,
Reaps for the world the richest fruits of Time.
Of humble strain, and yet of royal mien ;
A subject born — in majesty a queen,
She serves and reigns, on deeds of glory bent
To lead in freedom's van a continent.
Aloft, her ensigns' noble breadth unfurled
Proclaims glad tidings all around the world.
The stately monarch of the Flowry Land
Upon his walls accepts her friendly hand ;
There dawns on earth a new creation's morn ;
The oldest empire greets the youngest born —
Whose mighty mission, thus begun, will end,
When all the nations as one people blend.





LITTLE PEOPLE'S POEMS.

WILLIE CLARK.

MOTHER, move a little nearer — I'm so
lonely in the dark —
Tell me over, please, that story of poor
little Willie Clark.

How I cried when I first heard it, yet it drove away
the pain;

Doctor says my fever's better — mother, make me
cry again.

There — I hold thy hand, my darling — I remember
it quite well;

If 'twill smooth thy painful pillow I will Willie's
story tell.

Willie's name is in the court-books, blotted with a
fearful crime;

All is true as Bible-reading, though I tell it thee in
rhyme.

Willie's mother was a widow, all alone but for her
boy;

She had neither friend nor fortune — Willie was her
only joy.

In an old abandoned shanty, built by workmen long
before,
She had lived by thread and needle — no one ever
passed her door.

Willie's home was near the railway, where his cries
and cradle-strains
Mingled with the engine's shrieking and the rumble
of the trains.
All went whirling, roaring 'round him, and his mind
received a scare
That confined it to the cradle, and his mother
watched it there.

Fifteen springs had nursed and reared him, and his
form grew tall and strong,
While in thought he crawled an infant — groping
creeping, slow along,
In his home he shone a sunbeam — innocent of
earth's alloy,
And a mother's double-darling was her feeble-minded
boy.

Still she went on singing to him all her string of
baby strains,
'Mid the shrieking of the engines and the roaring
of the trains;

Striving with a great heart-yearning in her every
look and tone,
To arouse the sleeping sense and teach the mind to
stand alone.

All in vain ; he would not waken when 'twas time to
go to school.

Playmates, when he spoiled their playing, called him
simpleton and fool.

Willie never minded mocking, though it grieved his
mother sore,

And for all the jeers and joking mother loved him
more and more ;

Talked to him of hope and fortune, as a mother
only can ;

Pictured him a happy future — when he grew to be
a man ;

Worked for him with busy fingers ; at his baby
prattle smiled ;

She had many a mother's wish — her son would
always be a child.

Willie's life was not all barren, Nature is not so
unkind,

For she gave him heart, to fill the stinted measure
of his mind.

Being's currents stayed and rippled 'round the fount
of motherhood :

Mother loved him, he loved her, and these two
things he understood.

Though he never wandered from her very far in way
of harm,

Wonder drew him to the railway, where the danger
seemed to charm :

Wonder what the rails were laid for ; wonder what
the travel meant ;

Wonder where the railway started ; wonder where
the railway went ;

Wonder why grown up men play with engines on a
bridge's span ;

Wonder if he'd have such playthings when he grew
to be a man.

Once a horror came while he was looking on in
wondering vein ;

'Twas the dashing of an engine, and the crashing
of a train.

Willie, frightened, hurried homeward — in his terror
looking back,

For there was a railroad horror, and a ruin — off the
track.

He was caught and put in prison. Why? The boy
could never tell;
Jailers and detectives only saw him crouching in his
cell.

Prison — at a railroad station, in an old-time country
town,
With its lock-up in the basement, for the house was
tumbling down.
There he fed on sick'ning vapors, and his life was
wasted far
When they brought him up for trial and arraigned
him at the bar.

Lawyers pleaded in the court-room, turning over
their big books,
All the while the pallid prisoner gazed around with
wond'ring looks.
Judge and jury sat to try him in the law's unerring
light;
There was death in that disaster, and the court was
clothed with might.

Engine driver said that cordwood on the rails had
been the snare.
Chief detective said the culprit had confessed he
put it there;

Said the boy was playing idiot, feigning weakness
in the brain.

Verdict: "Guilty" — killing, wounding men and
women on the train.

Verdict, guilty! Mother heard it; she had been a
witness too;

Tried with simple truth to shield him, but her story
would not do.

Agonized, she sprang to greet him with a woful,
pleading wail,

Then she got the court's permission to be with him
in the jail.

Oh! the shadows of a dungeon — underground and
dark and chill.

How that mother watched beside her darling, stricken
deathly ill.

Hoping vainly for a pardon, she beguiled the dark
to-day,

Telling him: "To-morrow, Willie, maybe you can
go and play."

Pitying angels came to try him in the highest court
of all,

Of that Judge who keeps a record of the smallest
sparrow's fall;

Weeks and months the angels pleaded, and the
mother pressed her right,
And the little convict wondered why the time was
always night.

“What’s the matter, dearest mother, is it never,
never day?

I am tired,—so tired of resting; when may I go
out to play?

Hark! it thunders up above us; there, I hear the
rumbling plain.”

“Yes, dear; ’tis the rushing engine, and the roaring
of a train.”

“O! I thought it was the anger of our Father in
the skies.”

“No, child; He is Love and Mercy, and our every
good supplies.

Wait! to-morrow, if you’re better—who knows?
you may go and play.”

“Mother, here is no to-morrow—never comes an-
other day.”

On his face a glow of reason, like the flush of dawn
appears;

Mother marks the stunted mind grow to the stature
of its years.

"Tell me, Willie, that's a darling, tell me all — keep
nothing hid;
Did you, never meaning mischief, do the thing they
said you did?"

Willie rises on his pillow: "Mother, some man
came to me,
Saying: 'If you'll say you did it, I have come to
set you free.

Willie, want to see your mother?' 'Oh! dear —
yes, indeed I do;

Take me to her, and there's nothing that I will not
do for you.'

'Say you did it, that's a good boy;' and he opened
wide that door;

'Say you didn't, and you'll never see the sunshine
any more.'

I said 'yes;'" and Willie's face beamed bright as
morn, and saintly fair;

"Mother, he told me to say so — but I never put it
there."

Innocent! She knew it always. Now his mind has
come to light.

Son and mother cleave together through the long
hours of the night.

Morning comes; a troop of angels find a new and
shining joy,
While the mother in that darkness clasps the form
of her dead boy.





MARY, WHO HAD THE LITTLE LAMB.

“ Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.”

BUT that was when our Mary romped
In garden, field and lawn ;
A rosy child, with cherry lips,
And bright-eyed as the dawn ;
When she was fairer than the spring,
And trusting, loving, good,
And sweeter than the summer rose —
A bud of maidenhood.

She was the sunlight of her home,
And made it springtime there,
When all the birds and flowers were gone,
And trees and fields were bare.
She had her little playmates then,
And pets and toys — a host ;
But of the things she liked the best,
She loved her lamb the most.

She grew. The years went gliding by.
The tender bud has blown,
A lamb is still at Mary's side —
A lamb she calls her own.
A change had come — another love
Had been her proudest boast,
And of the things that she liked best,
She loved her husband most.

With maiden beauty's magic spell
She drew him to her side,
And where the lamb had been before,
He stood with manly pride.
But he was gone ; and tearful eyes
Had dewed the cold, gray stone,
He left her in a sorrowing world
But left her not alone.

For Mary has a little lamb,
With soul as white as snow,
And every place where Mary goes
The lamb is sure to go.
She does not skip as once she did —
Her life is clouded now —
And yet the old smile lingers there
Upon a sadder brow ;

Enough of youth and hope remain
To cheer the thoughtful calm ;

And still we have the picture sweet
Of Mary and her lamb.
A world has bloomed and passed away
And left no murmuring ghost ;
Of all the things she ever loved
She loves her lamb the most.

The golden cord by which 'tis led
Links her to all the past,
And an unbroken chain of love
May lead her home at last.
Another change, the cord is snapped
On which her hopes relied,
The purest lamb of all has joined
The other lambs that died.

They lead her now by memory's cord
Where fadeless roses blow,
And night and morn, to where they rest,
Is Mary sure to go.
A simple emblem o'er their dust
Doth Mary's love embalm,
She kneels upon their tomb and clasps
The image of a lamb.

As when the summer sun has sunk
In early evening rest,
A flood of bright, reflected beams
Still gilds the rosy west,

So, at the tomb of early love,
Is Mary's heart made whole
By memory's sweet and holy calm —
The twilight of the soul.





BLOOMING CHRISTMAS TREE.

A CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY GLEE.

WE'LL sing a song in happy tune,
About our sunny blossom-time —
Not spanned by April, May and June,
But all year round in every clime.

Tho' Christmas comes in winter drear
When earth and sky are hung with gloom,
It glows — the blossom of the year —
And keeps our little lives in bloom.

For fruit and flower hang together,
And all the air is full of glee;
And all the year is shining weather
Around our blooming Christmas tree.

Now old and young are children all,
And every heart and face is gay;
We wake to "Merry Christmas" call,
And Christmas is the children's day.
Then let us laugh, and romp, and sing,
Rejoicing in our blossom-time,
Which makes the season always spring,
And brings the flow'rs in every clime.

For all the world is bright before us,
And heart and face are full of glee;
And happy voices ring in chorus
Around our blooming Christmas tree.

Good Santa Claus we honor thee —
Saint Nich'las and Kris Kringle, too —
And be you one, or be you three,
We all agree in loving you;
We only know the time is bright,
And that your spirit beams above;
We only know that Love is Light,
And Christmas light is perfect love.

For here are loving father, mother,
To join us in our ringing glee;
And here are darling sister, brother
Around our blooming Christmas tree.





BABY BROWN-EYES.

BABY — with brown, flowing hair
Rippling over forehead fair,
Like a brook from springs of air ;

Baby — with brown lustrous eyes —
Jewels dropped by bounteous skies —
Souvenirs of Paradise.

Innocence, and peace, and calm
Of the morning breathing balm,
When the silence is a psalm.

Beautiful ! Her wondering gaze
At the world in rapt amaze,
Through the curtained golden haze.

Shrinking from the touch of earth,
Clutching the sweet rose of birth,
Glowing with dumb dimpled mirth.

Looking down from Life's white brink,
Helpless, thought and tongue to link.
How and what does Baby think ?

Puzzled by a shadowy doubt,
As her glances cast about,
Whether to look in or out.

Does she hear close whisperings?
Does she see the shapes and things
Of a former time of wings?

Little prisoned spirit, bright —
Incandescent holy light,
Shining in a realm of night,

Thou wilt beautify thy clay —
Turning darkness into day —
Cheering others on their way.

Baby Brown-eyes — Life is pain;
Every touch of earth a stain,
Till thy lost wings come again.





CHERRY CHEEKS.

A CHILD with all the budding good
That ripens rich in womanhood ;
A little lump of moulded clay —
Vivacious, beautiful and gay,
Just lighted up with dawn's first streaks,
And that is little Cherry Cheeks.

Her pattering feet go everywhere ;
Her breath is incense in the air ;
Her pretty presence in our room
Drives out the lurking ghosts of gloom ;
The music in the words she speaks
Is printed plain in Cherry Cheeks.

She plays with spring-time's frolic hours,
And catches colors from the flowers —
The sweetest, fairest rays of light —
And shines with them all day and night ;
A sprite of merry romps and freaks
Is cheery little Cherry Cheeks.



LITTLE GIRL, LIDA.

WHO "HAD AS LIEF BE IN HEAVEN."

DEAR LIDA, I heard of thy illness with pain,
And now I'm so glad thou art right well again.
We have to be sick some, the wise people tell,
To know just how goody it feels to be well.
I'm all over happy to have thy nice letter,
So pretty and loving, — it could not be better; —
Surprised me too, really; and 'most made me cry
With joy, that our Lida did not go and die.
Though Heaven, they say, is a very good place,
We want Earth made brighter, with youth, love and
grace.

Thy staying among us for yet a good while
Will light all our faces, with many a smile.
Don't think any more, dear, of going above —
Not yet — while so many are down here to love,
Be good and be gentle, be brave and love-giving,
And all will be well, and thy life be worth living.
That's all I need say in this rhyme, Lida, dear;
I wish thee good health and a Happy New Year.

JANUARY 1, 1885.



TINY TINA.

TINY CHRISTINA — that's Tina —
Elfin-like frolicsome child ;
Nobody lives who has seen a
Being more charmingly wild.

Wild as the wind, and as airy ;
Bounding from touch of the earth ;
Light as the form of a fairy,
Full of the genius of mirth.

Born by the brightest of waters ; —
Fresher than face of the stream ;
Fairer than Fancy's own daughters, —
Worshipped in many a dream, —
Tina is wiser and quainter,
Mentally standing alone ;
Artist nor poet can paint her —
Sweet little girl of her own.



SONGS AND BALLADS.

BELLE BRANDON.

THERE'S a tree by the margin of a woodland ;
Where spreading leafy boughs sweep the
ground ;
There's a path leading thither o'er the prairie,
To a silence and solitude profound.
There often have I rambled in the evening
When the breezes came rose-laden o'er the lea ;
There I found the little beauty Belle Brandon,
And we met 'neath the old arbor tree.

Belle Brandon was the daughter of a woodman
Whose brawn made the forest copses ring ;
Indian blood of a red roving chieftain
Tinged her veins from a far mountain spring.
Barefoot she bounded o'er the prairie,
True, keeping her trysting time with me ;
For I loved the little beauty Belle Brandon,
And we both loved the old arbor tree.

On the trunk of the arbor tree, remaining,
Are two names with mossy fringe o'ergrown ;
Mated there in the bond of young devotion —
Belle Brandon — the other is my own.
Now I wend to the woodside lonely dreaming
Of the Beautiful I never more shall see ;
For I've lost the little beauty Belle Brandon,
And she sleeps 'neath the old arbor tree.





LADY BEAUTY.

LADY BEAUTY, 'tis the merry Spring Time,
And the bees are coquetting with the bloom ;
But the roses and the flowers, now in prime,
Fade and fall in an early autumn tomb.

Lady Beauty, you are blooming as the Spring,
And the loves are coquetting with your heart ;
Oh, listen to the symphony they sing
'Ere the dying tones falter and départ.

Lady Beauty, now your mirrored face, bright
As the wild rose reflected from the stream,
Tells of happy, happy days of delight
All enwrapped in the glamour of a dream.
Ponder, darling, on the ebbing of the tide,
To the sea those untiring waters move ;
They murmur yet they sparkle as they glide,
For they haste to the ocean of their love.

Lady Beauty, prize the merry Spring Time,
While the flowers along your pathway are bright ;
Spring and winter both come in every clime,
And the morning dawns — harbinger of night.
Lady Beauty, I have loved you true and long,
Can I not your heart's dearest passion move ?
Oh, listen to the pleading of my song —
Come in joy to the ocean of my love.



THINE AND MINE.

DUET.

He—

MAY I sit down, and dream with thee,
Beneath the blooming greenwood tree,
And hold that hand of thine ?
While every fluttering leaf above
Is whispering its tale of love
Oh, I would whisper mine !
Then let me sit and dream with thee
Beneath the blooming greenwood tree.

To shield from harm
My circling arm
Around thee I'll entwine ;
A bird of weary wing
I'll rest and sing
A song of thine and mine.

She—

Come sit thee down and dream with me
Beneath the softly whispering tree ;
Thou'rt weary wandering far,
And while the twinkling eyes of night
Are looking down in calm delight,
We'll choose our dwelling star.

Yes, sit thee down and dream with me
Beneath the blooming greenwood tree.

To guide from harm
My circling arm
Around thee I'll entwine ;
Two birds of weary wing
We'll rest and sing
A song of thine and mine.

Both —

We're sitting here in rapture dear,
And there is none to make us fear ;
Our hands are clasped in bliss.
I shall be true the wide world through,
And now there's nothing left to do
But seal the bond with, — this !
Sweet dreaming o'er the joy to be
Beneath the blooming greenwood tree.

To ward off harm
My circling arm
Around thee I'll entwine ;
Our souls of daring wing
Will soar and sing
This song of thine and mine.





CITHERN SONG.

COME to our concert hall,
Listen to the ringing
Chorus of minstrels all
Sweetening the air.
Come to the leafy land
Where the voices singing
Tune with the organ grand
Nature builded there.

Chorus :

Listen to the cithern
Twit-ter-ing — twit-ter-ing,
Chirping like birdling
All the summer long,
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,
Listen to the cithern's
All summer song.

List to the music swell —
Mingled song and string band,
Meadow and flowery dell
Warbling in the grove ;

Drink at the fountain head
Bubbling in the springland —
Wine of the passion red
Blushing flame of love.

Cho.: Listen to the cithern, etc.

Stand 'neath the open sky,
Listen to the choristers
Chanting an anthem high,
Sounding far and wide.
See they are circling some
Beauty of the foresters:
All to the wedding come,
Singing for the bride.

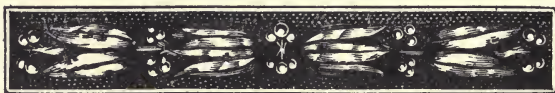
Cho.: Listen to the cithern, etc.

Bask in the sunny sweet,
Golden haze of dreaming
Where tiny tinkling feet
Trip the elfin air,
Float in the tiding sound
Toward Elysium streaming,
Wake at the mating ground;
All of life is there.

Chorus :

Listen to the cithern,
Twit-ter-ing — twit-ter-ing,
Merrily ting — ding-a-dong,
Ting-a-ling — ting-a-ling,
Twit-ter-ing — twit-ter-ing,
Twit-twit — twit-ter-ing,
Hark to the cithern song.





AMONG THE DAISIES.

CLARABEL lived among the daisies,
Hid from the gaze of men.
Thrush and robin carolled her praises —
Sweet in the copse and glen.
Mirror had she — none but the water
Clear as a crystal ray ;
Gay as a lark, — the gardener's daughter
Chanted the livelong day.
Suitors a plenty sought to woo her
Coming from far and near ;
Talking of love and nonsense to her —
Clarabel would not hear.

Clarabel loved among the daisies —
Loved as purely as they ;
Farmer William adored her graces —
Vowed to love her for aye !
While he wooed her, the flowers shone brighter
Under her lightsome tread.
When she loved him her heart grew lighter,
Fairer the skies o'erhead.
Speak ! Oh ! will you be mine forever ?
Breathed his heart with a thrill !
Sweeter music was warbled never —
Clarabel smiled — I will.

Clarabel wed among the daisies
Which she had loved so well,
Thrush and robin joined in her praises,
So did the old church bell.
Tidy and sweet her cot is smiling
Close by the village green;
Family joys her hours beguiling —
Clarabel reigns a queen.
Daisies are plentier there than ever —
Grown in the soil of Love,
Thrush and robin had warbled never —
Sweet as the peaceful dove.





BALLAD.



PAINTER, who half was a poet,
Had visions of Art and her might;
She dazzled his spirit with beauty,
And flooded his soul with her light.

Then grasping his palette and pencil,
He strolled in the meadows with Spring;
She sported her favorite vesture,
And prayed him to paint her or sing.

He sat 'neath the arch of a rainbow
Which garnished the skirts of a shower,
And smiled through the tears of the springtime
At evening's contemplative hour.
His pencil he dipped in wild roses,
And from them the colors he drew:
Fair lady, behold his *ideal*! —
A mem'ry-drawn picture of you.

The memory — brightest reflector
Of beauty which beams on its face —
Will cherish the image forever,
And ne'er lose a feature of grace.
Oh, spurn not the work as unworthy —
The tracing may fail to be true,
Yet in the pure colors of nature
There must be a likeness of you!



SCOTIA.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY GLEE.

THE Nor' wind blows,
The thistle grows
O'er Bruce and Wallace' dust,
We'll sing a rhyme
O' Scotland's prime;
Her wild harp shall not rust.
Thou land o' song,
To thee belong
The brightest bays of yore;
Thy chiels revere
Thy mem'ry dear,
And, dreaming, haunt thy shore.

Chorus:

The Nor' wind blows,
The thistle grows
O'er Bruce and Wallace' dust.
We'll sing a rhyme
O' Scotland's prime;
Her wild harp shall not rust.

There Burn's sweet muse
The Highland strews
Wi' flowers and heathery bloom;
The gowans gleam
By Afton's stream
To deck thy minstrel's tomb.
Scott's wondrous lyre
Still thrills wi' fire
The longing plowman swain;
The brightest rays
O' genius blaze
In Allan Ramsey's strain.

Cho.: The Nor' wind blows, etc.

We sing wi' pride
Our mither — bride,
Our sister — a' that's dear;
And bright beams shine
For auld lang syne
In mem'ry's gilded tear.
Wi' ivy crowned,
The bowl goes round
For Caledonia's boast.
High Fame's award —
The peasant bard —
The Ayrshire plowman toast!

Cho.: The Nor' wind blows, etc.

The lasses fair
Shall claim our prayer,
And each fond feeling move.
Where breathes the Scot
Whose soul does not
Our "Highland Mary" love?
Bright woven wreaths
Of ivy leaves
Have cheered our festive seene,
And as we gang
Thro' life alang
We'll wear them ever green.

Cho.: The Nor' wind blows, etc.





GUARD OF LAND AND SEA.

BANNER proudly floating
Over land and sea,
Full of starry splendor —
Emblem of the free!
Blood upon its border,
White unspotted too!
Still as true as heaven
Gleams the radiant Blue!

Chorus:

Banner proudly floating
Over land and sea,
Full of starry splendor —
Emblem of the free.

Lo! the olden army —
Freedom's matchless band —
'Mid the roar of battle
'Round that banner stand.
O'er them soars the eagle,
Guard of land and sea,
Bathed in golden sunlight,
Brooding victory.

Cho.: Banner proudly floating, etc..

O ye sons and daughters
Of the brave who fell,
Prize the badge of glory,
Guard their banner well.
Neath its folds a nation
Spreads from East to West,
Circled by the oceans —
Every climate blest!

Cho.: Banner proudly floating, etc.

Banner of our country,
Proud in peace or war.
Let them not be blotted,
Not a single star!
Ever and forever
Peaceful may they be,
Bound in happy union —
All, from sea to sea.

Cho.: Banner proudly floating, etc.





BOND AND SHIELD.

WHEN Freedom triumphant came out of the
strife
Which justice and valor had won ;
She cast off her armor in fulness of life,
And held her bright shield to the sun.

Upon it was pictured her future domain —
Great cities her empire would found ;
And mountain, and valley, and forest, and plain,
And ocean encircled it round.

The goddess disbanded her warrior host ;
Her conquering mission was done ;
Divided — the cause of mankind had been lost —
United — the struggle was won.

She gave them her shield, with the broad sunny land,
The half of the earth to control ;
She gave them her armor, and badge of command,
And took their sworn bond for the whole.

The people who battled, were strong in the might,
Which won them a realm and a name ;
A nation united, was strong in the right,
Which yielded it glory and fame.



ARABEL KNITTING.

FAIR Arabel sitting
By bright chimney side,
Knits fast at her knitting,
She'll soon be a bride.

But man's a deceiver,
And woman is caught,
And lovers oft leave her —
A word may be naught.
The world, it rolls over,
The world, it runs wide,
But Arabel's lover
Will claim her as bride.

Her lover had told her
When leaving her there,
That spring would behold her
A bride, blooming fair;
And she has been sitting
From others apart,
With net-work a-knitting
Around her true heart.
The world, it rolled over,
The world, it ran wide,
But brought not her lover
To Arabel's side.

All lonely and grieving, .
The past she recalls,
While spiders are weaving
Their webs on the walls.
All passionless sitting
Like death in the house ;
The shadows are knitting
Their webs o'er her brows.
The world, it rolls over,
The world, it runs wide ;
And never a lover
Makes Arabel bride.

O ! man's a deceiver,
And woman is caught,
And gold's the world's lever,
But love can't be bought.
O ! woman befitting
Thy holier part,
Sit fast by thy knitting,
The web of the heart.
The world, it rolls over,
The world, it runs wide ;
And falsehood's the lover,
And truth is the bride.





SUSIE IN THE LANE.

BETWEEN two rows of hawthorn
That made an arch above,
There ran a wagon roadway
That hid an early love.
And gleams a flash of mem'ry
Though gloomy years of pain,
That lightens up the hedge-rows,
And Susie in the lane.

It never chanced by moonlight
I met the rustic fair;
'Twas in the rosy morning,
When music filled the air,
And dew was on the hedges
Where Robin Redbreast sung,
And all was merry morning,
And everything was young.

Ah! well do I remember
How chance had made a rule
To walk between the hedge-rows
When Susie went to school!

To meet her was a glory,
And oh! a nameless pain!
My boyish heart was fearful
Of Susie in the lane.

'Twas just to say "good morning ;"
'Twas just to see blue eyes
Peer out from deep sun-bonnet,
And twinkle arch surprise.
They seemed so artless playing
Their game of hide and seek ;
I never failed to see them,
They never failed to speak.

She lived just o'er the hill-top,
Where waved the flags of corn :
Afar I saw her coming,
And then I knew 'twas morn.
I always chanced to meet her,
In sun, or wind, or rain ;
She made the darkest weather
All sunshine in the lane.

And I was but a plow-boy,
And she a little miss,
I never ventured near her
Enough to steal a kiss.

I left the plow team standing
Across the furrowed land,
To meet her 'neath the hawthorn,
Yet never touched her hand.

And Time has plowed some furrows
Across the plow-boy's brow,
The wearied team is standing
Anear the hedge-rows now.
'Tis growing dusky evening,
I feel the fluttering pain
Which stirred my heart this morning
With Susie in the lane.





TREE AND VINE.

SEE the tree all lonely standing,
Sways its sturdy form in air ;
Lofty, lordly, and commanding —
Yet of fruitful honors bare.

With the tempest bravely battling ; —
Still, in calm it doth repine !
And with voice of leafy prattling,
Woos the tender clasping vine.

See the vine so deftly tending
Towards the strong arm of the tree,
Filled with sweet desire of blending
Strength and grace in harmony.
Joined : — the world may war around them,
And the clouds may lower and roar ;
Bonds that turn the storms have bound them,
Crowned them one forevermore.

Twain in one they stand together,
One in form, and two in bloom,
Giving to the sun-bright weather
Sparkling beauty, sweet perfume ;

Like a mated man and woman
In their youngest love caress,
Tree and vine are more than human
In their growing tenderness.

See the tree and vine forever
Wedded — blossom, branch and root;
Who could dare the tendrils sever?
Who would blast their promised fruit?
More than sister is to brother,
More than mother is to son —
They are all to one another,
Always twain, and ever one.

Picture wedded pair so tender,
Clinging like the tree and vine;
Living for autumnal splendor,
Golden fruit and rosy wine —
Wine that flows with gentle pressing,
When the leaves are falling sear;
Crowning with the harvest blessing
All the sunshine of the year.





OUR ROOF-TREE.

OUR roof-tree protects with its arm
The life and the love 'round it clinging;
And far from the roar of alarm
Our birds 'mid the branches are singing;
They drop from the sky's airy blue
That arches so tenderly o'er us;
They build and sing all the day through,
And join in our happy home-chorus.

We bar the world out in the night,
To howl its wild wail of repining;
We lock in a world full of light,
For Love is the sun ever shining.

We shut out a world full of gloom,
And shut in a world full of beauty;
Perfumed with the roses that bloom
So bright in the pathway of duty.
Content is our treasure untold,
Which grows with the taking and giving;
Its metal is dearer than gold,
And pays the rich bounty of living.

We bar the world out in the night,
To howl its wild wail of repining;

We lock in a world full of light,
For Love is the sun ever shining.

O pilgrim! a shrine is at hand;
Behold, where our garden is gleaming,
All green in the desert of sand;
Come drink of the clear fountain streaming.
Abide with us all the day long,
To rest from the turmoil of roaming;
And join in our festival song
When fire-light's the bride of the gloaming.

We bar the world out in the night,
To howl its wild wail of repining;
We lock in a world full of light,
For Love is the sun ever shining.

Renown may be bartered and sold,
And Fame is a blood-chilling story,
When Honor stands shivering with cold,
While shining in garments of glory.
The heart has a realm of its own,
And Love is its holy defender;
With Virtue a queen on the throne,
What monarch can vie with her splendor?

We bar the world out in the night,
To howl its wild wail of repining;
We lock in a world full of light,
For Love is the sun ever shining,



MUSTER DAY.

WAKE! Night's lingering star is fading
In the blue, away;
Wake, boys! Rouse to work and
pleasure —

This is muster day.
Colonel Baldwin passed the window,
Plumed, and mounted fleet —
Sword and sash and gilded trappings,
Ringing down the street.

Every house must wave its colors
For our martial show;
We must feel how strong the arm is,
Trained to strike a blow.
Playing with the bare, bright weapon
Nerves the hand for need.
Peace wears scars of bloody battle,
And again may bleed.

Sunrise! What a tide of people
Streaming up and down!
Old and young in rippling currents,
Country flows to town!

All the streets and roads are swarming,
All the land is gay,
Rallying round a grand old banner,
Keeping muster day.

Men and boys are playing soldier,
Up in arms at once ;
Some with harmless, rusty fire-locks ;
Some with cornstalk guns.
Underneath a brand new banner,
As a rainbow fair,
Fife and drum, and columns tramping,
Move to Court-house Square.

Giddy girls and jolly matrons
Mingle in our joys ;
How their eyes, with pleasure brimming,
Glory in their boys.
Every face, each throbbing bosom,
Glow with tension strung,
Youth is ripe and age is youthful —
All are fair and young.

See our "old man" in his wagon,
Bending 'neath his years,
Honored by the hearty "huzza !" —
Three right ringing cheers.

Relic of the Revolution,
Wrestling with his quid,
Blinking, nodding fond approval:—
“Just the way we did.”

Wagons stud the yards and sideways;
Horses, dogs, and cattle
Seem to feel the merry-making
Of the mimic battle.
Servants for the day are masters,
Even Afric's Tan
Shines forgetful of its colors'
Branding social ban.

Cider-press and still of Bourbon
Flow in plenteous store,
All drink quite enough for pleasure—
Some a trifle more.
Oratory's plumed spread-eagle
Makes its rocket flight;
Thus the day; then all the muster
Dance the livelong night.

Wake, boys! There's a glooming shadow
Hides the morning star,
Spreads and blacks the whole horizon—
This is threatening war.

Men, awake! We're boys no longer,
Toys we cast away;
Comes a contest worthy manhood —
This is muster day.

Every man must prove his mettle
When his country calls;
Past the time for playing soldier
When the old flag falls.
Earnest faces flash for action,
Troops march up and down;
Pouring from the lanes and highways,
Soldiers fill the town!

Clanging swords and tramping columns
Sound a war-like din,
While the struggle of the ranks is,
Who can first get in.
Trembling maids and anxious matrons
At the front again,
Kiss adieus and sob their good-byes:
Baldwin leads his men!

Underneath the bright new banner,
As the rainbow fair,
Fife and drum, and columns tramping
March from Court-house Square.

Husbands, fathers, sons and brothers
 Marshalled to a man!
And, as in the days of muster,
 There is Afric's Tan.

Comes the muffled battle's thunder
 Rolling up from far,
While the fitful lightning flashes
 Show where storms the war.
Fields are plowed with shares of earthquakes,
 Gorged with hasty graves,
And a pall falls over hearthstones —
 But the old flag waves.

Wake! The ruddy day is dawning
 Cloudless now as when
Rosy flush aroused to muster
 Baldwin and his men.
Underneath a storm-rent banner,
 Borne through many a fray,
Tramp the thinned ranks home to glory,
 This is muster day.

Maids and matrons from their windows
 Bend and count the cost;
Peace is won, but eyes are straining,
 Looking for their lost.

Still the skyey, radiant standard,
As a rainbow fair,
Shines above the war-scarred veterans
Home, in Court-house Square.





MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR MARY.

GEM of purest cosmic mould —
Crystal birth;
Too precious to be bought or sold —
Priceless worth.

Lily sprung from lucent soil,
Fair as light;
Of earth, that earth can never spoil —
Spotless white.

Mary, maid of regal mien —
Royal line;
A lady, born to be a queen —
Right divine.

Daughter, dutiful and dear —
Blooming May;
In Home's unclouded hemisphere,
Star of Day.

Woman — self-contained, complete,
Grandly staid
Of sentient being's sweetest sweet,
Nature-made.

Young Aurora of the West —
All a-flame;
Our Mary, beautiful and blest —
Saintly name.

Genius crowned with glory's bright
Halo beam;
Illuming earth with heavenly light —
Fulfilled dream.





THE OLD POST ROAD.

AT HOME! I'm off the railway!
Returned from distant lands;
Not far across the woods and fields
An old-time farm house stands.
Around the hills and meadows
There winds a shady way —
My bare feet pattered down the path
In memory's yesterday.

I'll walk in cool of morning,
With staff and travelling pack,
And give them all a glad surprise
To see the wanderer back,
But things look strangely distant —
Review them as I may;
The landscape's playing hide-and-seek,
Or I have lost my way.

No trees arch o'er the by-path, —
Some blackened stumps remain;
A pulseless hush is on the earth —
Like holding breath, in pain.

Hello! — no echo answers,
In pert reply to noise; —
I'm not a tramp. I've just come home
To see the girls and boys.

No cattle on the hillsides,
No warbling in the glen;
No living thing appears to meet,
And know me home again.
The old Post Road — like vagrant —
Creeps slow up-hill and down,
And leads no throng of life, between
The country and the town.

The blinking wayside tavern
Is crumbling, stone by stone:
The wheezy landlord smokes, and yawns,
And nods, and dreams, alone.
He rouses when I greet him,
And makes a distant nod;
So, — I'm a stranger pilgrim here —
An alien to the sod.

What means this dumb appealing —
This blank and stony glare?
Oh for a thunder-bolt to burst
The muteness of the air!

Now comes one sound familiar —
The falling waters' sigh ;
I stand upon the mill stream's brink ;
Its depths are draining dry.

O memory ! necromancer,
I feel thy loving spell,
And I am walking in a dream !
What hinders me to tell
How childhood slept one evening,
And magic changes came —
Transforming scenes, concealing things,
Yet leaving sight the same ?

If this be Chester Valley —
Its every nook I know !
A haunting something whispers me ; —
That's forty years ago.
So long ? And yet I wonder
Where 'bide the solemn men
Whose plowshares conquered and defend
The colony of Penn.

Their hills' smooth, rounded shoulders
Were clad in waving corn ;
Adown the vale the whetting scythe
Rang in the harvest morn.

I smell the mowing season —
Aroma of sweet hay ;
Tall timothy and clover blooms —
The farmers' prized bouquet.

I see them, and I know them,
With all their quiet, quaint ways, —
The pauses, and the silences
That punctuate their days.
They meet the storm's encounters
With introspective calm ;
Their faith and savory deeds distil
For every wound a balm.

And here's the old home humble —
Our family abode ;
Its eyes are dim with looking long
Upon the dusty road.
The porch that sheltered nestlings
Is broken, worn, and thin ;
The shrubs and twining vines are gone,
And solitude's within.

Where, where are all the children
Who watched the travel pass,
And pressed a round and rosy face
On every pane of glass ?

Gone! scattered o'er the wide world
By tempests roughly blown;
The seed, so richly garnered here,
'Mong rocks and thorns is sown.

And comes again that whisper —
Like wind-wail soft and low;
The dwellers in this vale have moved
Since forty years ago!
But I am here — a child still; —
And looking for lost toys:
Don't hide from me; I've just come home
To see the girls and boys.

I know the dear old faces,
And while I gaze they seem
So friendly near — so faintly far —
Dim wakings in a dream.
'Tis memory's fond enchantment;
The whisper 's true I know;
Yet I am anchored in that deep
Of forty years ago.

At young affection's altar,
Forever decked in green,
I summon from the depth of years
Some forms that filled the scene!

When I, — a child with children —
Believed the world began
Just where the "big road" started out,
And ended where it ran.

John Connor was the driver
Of dashing four-in-hand —
A very lord — the greatest man
That lived in all the land.
He brought the *Village Record*,
And strewed the news along
The wayside, chatting, filling in
The pauses of his song.

Afar his horn resounded —
With echo-winding toot,
And summoned old and young to see
The wonders in the boot.
He sat so proud and grandly
On throne of blue and gold ; —
It can't be told how big he looked
To little eight-year-old

In watching for the stage-coach
With craving child-like trust,
To round the cove of yonder hill
In billowy rolling dust.

'Tis past its time of morning :
The trumpet voice is dumb ;
At noon-day sounds the dinner horn,
And still it does not come.

I hear the ringing concert
That charmed these hills and dells,
When teamsters came with caravans —
Came down with tingling bells.
The horses pranced to music,
Nor seemed to feel their load ;
They hauled fine things from Wonderland
Along the old Post Road.

White-hooded market wagons,
Like nuns in solemn line,
Marched on, and on, forever on
As seeking some far shrine.
Their faces — drooping downward
Concealed their inward cheer
With dairy, farm, and garden fruits,
They circled round the year.

Came droves of broad-horned cattle —
Their lowing still I hear ;
They breathed the sweet of clover-fields
And begged their evening cheer ;

And plunging deep in pasture,
They chased their hunger down ;
At morning's dawn in shadowy line
They moved to market town.

The tramp ! I knew his plodding,
And turning in the lane ;
He looked so tired and hungry-like —
And crooked as his cane.
Low bending 'neath his bundle —
His pleading piteous " yarn "
Insured a slice of meat and bread,
And lodging in the barn.

I stand here like a wind-harp
Played on by breezy June ;
And voices of the shadow-land
Have pitched a tender tune.
And memory — weird minstrel
Sweeps o'er the sobbing strings :
The strong man is in bondage held,
While happy childhood sings.

The ringing chimes of childworld
Are echo's faint refrain —
The glimmer of the golden days
That never come again.

The pulsing warmth of childheart
Is cooled with frosty rime ;
The breath of early roses comes
With pungent hints of thyme.

There's shadow in the sunshine —
A touching tinge of gloom ;
The valley sits in beauty still
But bears no human bloom ;
No children romping gleeful ;
No lambs within the fold ;
The flocks and herds are lost, or strayed
Away from shepherds old.

The place, there's no mistaking, —
For there's the Barren Ridge,
And this is babbling Riddley Creek —
And arching it the bridge.
Oh! for one word of welcome
To lay that goblin wail,
There sure must be some relic left
Of this once teeming vale.

Hark ! 'tis the old mill humming,
The same dull, drowsy tune —
A song of life, yet not in tune
With bright and breezy June.

Of all the folks familiar,
Is there no living one?
The aged miller must be left;
No, 'tis his aged son!

I'll speak to him: "Friend, tell me
What keeps the stage?" He said:
"The stage has not been running since
The travel has been dead.
The Post Road's just a wrinkle —
No passengers, nor mail;
'Twas ruined by yon iron horse
That steams across the vale."

The stage is stopped! No wonder
All things are old and slow;
Since nothing wheels along the days
That drowsing come and go.
The mill alone is moving
To make a funeral meal,
With scarcely water-power enough
To turn the droning wheel.

"John Connor — do you know him?
He used to drive the stage?"
"Aye — he was made Assemblyman
When railroads 'came the rage.

He's dead: his son did badly —
And went to rack by rail;
He drives an engine on yon bridge
And frightens all the vale."

I'm looking for some young folks,
And playmates whom I know;
I ran away, but still 'tis not
So very long ago.
"Lo! many years the youngsters
Have left these parts by rail, —
Last seen upon yon railroad bridge,
A rushing o'er the vale."

No school is kept at Edgmont —
Behind yon hillock hid?
"No school is kept — the teacher quit
Before the children did;
And then the few odd leavings
Went off to school by rail —
Went off in smoke o'er yonder bridge
That sweeps across the vale."

Farewell, sweet dream of Eden!
Dispelled by hunger-pain;
Since all the boys and girls are gone,
I take the evening train.

Adieu ! these haunts of childhood,
They're e'en an old man's tale;
A last look from the railway bridge,
That leaps across the vale.





DINNER IN THE STREET.

HALF the city sleeps;
The other half is waking: —
The one in downy deeps,
The other—shivering, shaking.

A winter day is breaking,
And Frosty Morning creeps
Slow down the steeple-steeps.
Then, like a beast of prey,
Sly, foraging for Day,
Leaps into lanes and alleys —
The town's ravines and valleys —
Where, cramped, and sore, and aching,
The poor are piled in heaps.
So, half and half, divided
By penury and pelf,
The world is grown blind-sided,
And does not know itself.

Where darkness latest lingers
In drowsy Twilight's lap,
Grim Labor's bony fingers,
With savage rap-tap-tap !

First break the morning nap;
And out from unknown deeps,
In night-fall snow and sleet,
The early plodding feet
Their devious ways are taking —
Brave foot-prints new paths making,
While half the city sleeps.

Among the thousand others,
Hard-working men and brothers,
There's one with burdened back
Stops timidly before
A silver-plated door,
And drops his tiresome pack —
A saw and wooden rack —
And rigs with supple skill
His muscle to a mill
Beside a cordwood stack;
And straight applies the power,
This early work-day hour.

Along the Avenue
The morning nap is broken,
Without a sign or token
Of daylight creeping through
The heavy-curtained rooms
Of Fashion bred in tombs.

Soon stony fronts are giving
Some hints and winks of living
 Behind the marble mask ;
And at the windows, drowsy,
Are sleepy-heads, and frowsy,
 Who watch the sawyer's task.
With vim and speed increasing,
The sawmill goes unceasing,
 The wolf at bay to keep.
Within doors there is "jawing"
About the sin of sawing
 When people want to sleep.
The sin? His sin is hunger!
O pious maxim-monger,
 The moral thou canst draw,
 For Hunger's its own law.
A sawyer must have meat
To grease his saw, and eat
His dinner in the street.

The Avenue quick rouses
 With unaccustomed cheer,
And, flitting in the houses,
 Shy, shadowy forms appear —
 Like ghosts of other sphere.
And little girls and boys
 Look out on snow and sleet,

And think the sawyer's noise
Is musically sweet!
But never once they think
He starves by Labor's laws,
On little meat and drink;
While, bowed, he seems to eat,
With ever-munching jaws,
His dinner in the street.

The town is wide awake
And up, and business moves
In old accustomed grooves —
All playing for Life's stake;
And merchant, doctor, lawyer,
Sweep heedless round the sawyer,
And feel no common cause;
They would be long agreeing
That he's a Human Being —
The mill that saws and saws.
The sawyer's world's a tract of
Perpetual snow and sleet;
And few regard the fact of
Starvation in the street.

All forenoon, girls and boys,
With clattering hands and feet,
Applaud the sawyer's noise
As musically sweet.

The children are the stairs
By which we, growing, rise
By slow steps — unawares —
To grasp Life's highest prize ; —
The crown of human good —
The bond of brotherhood.
For children come together
When hearts each other lure,
Without a question whether
Their blood is rich or poor.

It shines — a sunbright day —
And windows full of faces
Beam down their pretty graces
Upon the poor man's way ;
Yet none appear to know him,
Or courteous bearing show him,
Of all who pass to-day.
The sawyer halts and listens,
And now his glad face glistens ;
He knows who come his way —
Two children, chatting, singing,
A little girl and boy,
Tin kettle 'tween them swinging,
And shining gleams of joy ;
They hear the saw a-sawing,
With creaking, hungry gnawing,
And run with pattering feet ;

They know the saw that's sawing
For dinner in the street.

He needs nor watch, nor bell,
Nor any tongue of sound,
His dinner hour to tell;
He knows the signal well —
His shadow on the ground,
So short and trim and neat,
Close lying at his feet —
That noon has come around.
His dial's always right,
And so's his appetite.
His youngsters caper round him,
And for their kisses climb —
So glad that they have found him
Just in the nick of time.
And on the curbstone prattling,
Amid the city's rattling,
On saw-dust cushioned seat
They sit them down to eat —
A poor man's family party —
Three in a row complete;
They take with hunger hearty
Their dinner in the street:—
A loaf of bread, no butter,
Ice water from the gutter,
A very little meat;

The saw needs half the latter
To still its clamorous clatter ; —
The saw has teeth to eat
Its share — and that the fatter —
Of dinner in the street.

See older faces peering
Through parlor windows high,
Like angels from the sky —
Some wrong to mortals fearing,
And standing helpful by.
See little children leading —
As children only can —
Their elders, sweetly pleading :
“ O ! come and see a *man* ; ”
And *man* he is — presiding,
In royal office crowned,
And feeds his heart, dividing
The scanty fare around ;
And who could look, deriding
That dinner on the ground !

The street door opens swinging,
With hospitable air ;
And children's feet bound, ringing
Upon the marble stair ;
With wreaths and ribbons gay

Decked up like Holiday,
The little people cluster,
With pretty fuss and fluster,
And then march down in line
With all the house can muster
Of meat, and bread, and wine.
Thus children come together,
On Human ground secure ;
Nor care nor question whether
Their blood is rich or poor.

A lovely sight to see —
Among the banks of snow,
In young Humanity
The flowers of Friendship grow.
And at the table lowly,
It seems the angels wait,
To teach the lesson — holy —
Of equal mortal state.
Fruits, viands, wines and meats —
Like fairy gifts in fable :—
The rags upon the seats —
Silks serving at the table.

Where anger flashed at sawing,
The marble seems to melt ;
The snow and sleet are thawing
With warming they have felt.

The sawyer's world is brightened ;
His wintry prospect clears ;
The children's hearts are lightened
With flow of happy tears.
The prattle of affection —
How musically sweet !
And sweet the recollection
O' that dinner in the street.





CORONATION.

YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL ODE.

ON Independence Day,
When the old world was going its old way —
Unmindful of the groans
That rose around the footstools of its thrones,
Where Tyranny held iron-sceptered sway,
A strange voice came
From tongue of flame;
The sky bent low to hear the heroic sound,
And, as the drowsy waking globe rolled round,
A cluster of bright stars,
Swept from the shield of Mars,
Blazed down upon divinely consecrated ground.

Then Freedom's fire arose;
A new light flashed and flamed in all men's eyes;
A starry banner floated in the skies,
Affrighting mankind's foes
In castle walls, and palaces afar;
While o'er a valiant band —
First Home-guard of the land —
Shone Hope's Lone Star.

Rang Independence bell —
Reverberate amid the trumpet's blare;
And human shackles fell,
And Tyrants heard their knell
Tolled out upon the free and all-encircling air.

At Freedom's second birth
The wise men of the West went forth to greet
The dawning promise of the laboring Earth
And her fruition sweet.

How many fathers looked their joy,
How many mothers smiled !
But Kingcraft plotted to destroy
The young prophetic child.

Came war's alarms
And rush to arms,
For Heirship's vested Royal Right —
Man's heritage
For many an age
Withheld by armed usurping might.
Where Virtue guided, Wisdom led,
The birthright to defend;
For every native foe that fled,
There came a foreign friend;
Until the allied armies loving stood
In common, patriotic Fatherhood.

Hark! The battle's sullen boom,
And storm of iron crashing;
And see! War's lurid gloom,
And rain of life-blood dashing.

Cause — the noblest ever tried
By highest court or nation;
Mortals sprang up — Deified,
To recreate Creation.

O Titans, drive your blows
Where thickest swarm Man's foes;
A plastic world's the stake
To mould, or mar, or make,
In the ensanguined throes
Of formative earthquake.

Shock followed shock, by land and sea,
And every blow struck mightily,
To found a country of the Free —
To build a home for the Refugee.

In every noble, grand emprise
Some men must fall that more may rise;
And earth is lifted toward the skies
The moment that a martyr dies.

Through all the long, long night
The storm cloud lowered upon the shuddering land;
And through the fluctuations of the fight

Fought on that gallant band —
Sealing with blood
Where'er they stood,
The Freeman's bond of Brotherhood;
Carving upon the rugged Earth's round face
The future fortunes of the Human Race;
Bearing Right's Ark
Safe through the dark
And dismal vale of Death:
They set it in the Morning's Dawn,
And drew the first free breath
A continent had ever drawn.

On Yorktown's Golden Day
Man's youngest born began life her own way —
Unfettered, fair and free,
And teeming with the fruitfulness to be.

A goddess sprung from human strain,
Like Pallas from the Thunderer's brain —
Full armed, and garlanded with green —
A mighty mother — maiden queen;
The People's type — bred to command —
Subject, and Sovereign of the Land.

Goddess of our country born,
Symbol of a Nation's rise,
Glowing in our Freedom's morn —
Sweet Aurora of our skies.

Goddess, at whose cradle stood
Heroes — yet without a name,
Till they guarded Thee with blood,
Till they reared Thee into fame.

This is Coronation Day
Which we dedicate to Thee;
Wear the crown, and hold the way
Leading still to Liberty.

And Yorktown led the van that day supreme —
Of moment deep to every coming age;
All olden story faded in the beam
That lighted up our History's living page.
The heirs of Royalty are Freedom's men,
And every man is sovereign in his right;
The gods and kings yield up their sway, and then
The world swings shining from the realms of Night.

A life begun
In song and sun:
Behold the wonders it has done!

A hemisphere
Of sky — all clear;
And not a foe found lurking near.

A pledge of Peace
Upon the breeze
Came singing o'er Atlantic seas.

The little band
That freed the strand
Made their own Deed for all the land.

An hundred years have flown
Behind the peaceful coronation of our Queen ;
And she is younger grown,
In all the flower and fruiting time between.

Both War and Peace
Have brought increase
Beneath the happy sunshine of her eyes.
And now behold !
The goddess mould
Of her fair figure wrapped around with skies.

A nation great,
We dedicate
Her century shaft with love and state.
Her kinsmen all,
Kelt, Goth and Gaul —
All helped to rear this column tall.

With the whole world at peace, and war-scars healed,
Columbia stands and views her golden field ;
From sea to sea, through every fruitful zone,
The sky is smiling, and the Earth's her own ;
When, sometimes, for a chieftain slain she grieves,
Our Mother Briton sends her cypress leaves.

And Yorktown's silent guns
Spoke louder than their thunder roar,
And gave to mankind all at once
Glad tidings from our shore :

ONE-HALF THE WORLD IS FREE :
The swift prophetic message Eastward ran,
Enlarging in all Time to be
The God-like Possibilities of Man.

The hands of South and North
Clasped on the "Glorious Fourth,"
And from the East went up the battle-cry ;
But since our arms were blest,
The wide and wondrous West
Has borne the fullest fruitage of July.

One bright October day
A New-World Nation started on its way
The Star of Empire glowed
On wilds and summits of its Western road ;
A home-made race of giants grandly strode :
O'er peaks and plains,
Throbbled fire-fed veins —
A continent to win from savagery,
Till from the heights all saw the circling sea.
Those valiant sons of Mars,
Forever crowned with stars,
So shaped the upward course of Human Destiny.



VAGGED.

VAGGED, an ugly word to utter, bearing in
its sound a sting,
Bitter as the breath can temper one to stab
a hateful thing.

He is vagged, your Honor tells me — sent to wear a
ball and chain ?

Just so ! strong drink drove him crazy, — gave him
crotchets in his brain.

God of Heaven ! Is he among the evil-doers
smutched with crime ?

Found him in the vagrant quarter, where the city
reeks with slime.

Begging, came he here for shelter many nights in
snow and sleet,

'Till his name got on the docket — drunk and sleep-
ing on the street.

Aye ! I know — the same old story ; caught in Fort-
une's wind and rain ;

But this man was great among men, and bred giants
in his brain —

Understood the Age's movement; mingled with its
action grand,
While your court stood back in terror, looking on
with palsied hand.

Bore a general's name with honor underneath dis-
astrous star.
Was a hero among heroes — drove the tide and
storm of war.
Like a guardian angel sleeping on a lucent couch
of air —
See the flag that floats above you ; well, this vagrant
raised it there.

Had no friend in his disaster courage to come forth
and stand
By his side when he was falling — take him friendly
by the hand ?
Stronger claims than wife or mother are the badges
that he wore
On the deep heart of his country shrined within his
bosom's core.

Other marks he had where valor set its honorable
seal ;
And did they not plead to save him ? Wounds are
hollow when they heal !

Scars are beggars of the body, falling in their mute
appeal;
And the world forgets its builders, and men do not,
can not feel!

Sympathy has frozen fingers fumbling round its
purse's dole;
Tears are tricks to be ashamed of—no more dew-
drops of the soul.
No purse had for him a pittance when his fortunes
met such shock;
No eye had a pitying tear-drop when he graced the
prisoner's dock.

No one here with recognition kindly met him when
he came;
No one here could help misfortune hide from shame
an honored name.
Here it stands upon the record, every idle eye to
meet;
Vagged—fined as usual—work-house; drunk and
sleeping on the street!

Tried to shield him, but he would not—wrote his
own name full, you see;
Said he saw no valid reason why a general's should
not be

Written full, with proper title, so the rank was e'en
set down.

All is fair and square and lawful—drunken king is
but a clown.

Judge, I tell you 'tis outrageous! such vile penalties
and pains!

Your Court Terrible is lawful, but it can not feel for
brains.

Brains? How now? In sober earnest? or in vein
of jesting sport?

Either way it frets my honor, and becomes contempt
of court!

But you wrong the court, for really he was homeless,
old, and I—

Sent him tottering to the work-house, as a healthy
place to die.

Just so; now he's free and happy—no more pangs
of wounded pride;

Yet for Justice sake, historians, make no record
where he died.

Tell it not, and yet to Justice e'en the court of Death
must yield;

And some poet may hereafter sing of graves in Pot-
ter's Field.

Justice is the law eternal — wrong and ruth are only
lent;
O'er the grave of our dead soldier let us build fit
monument.





NERO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UDO BRACHVOGEL.

BRING hither lights! Laugh down the darkness;

Let waxen beams unnumbered shine;
To Hades every shade of sadness;
Come music's swell and foaming wine.
Let waves of flame sport like the ocean,
And night's dark brow be crowned with light;
Then breathe all round the breath of roses —
My heart is full of its own night.

"The harp! my boy with golden tresses,
For light and music's tone I pine;
Thy glance is day, thy song is gladness,
Thou knowest a great reward is thine.
Sing Troy, with all its turrets blazing,
Which laughed to scorn the sun-god's might,
And conjure far this gathering blackness —
My heart is steeped in its own night."

Thus Cæsar spake, and then, reclining,
He caught and clasped his favorite's knee.
The songs are brought from golden casket
Which opens with a golden key.
The minstrel calls to memory, smiling,
The stately march of Virgil's song;
His prelude, like the dreamy murmur
Of rippling waters, plays along.

But soon it swells, as billows foaming
Plunge down some cliff's majestic form;
The dashing floods and winds commingle,
And words and music wed in storm.
Now lost to ear is rhythmic cadence,
Fate blows a brazen blast of dread;
And 'mid the lance's gleam and clashing,
Comes thundering on the war-god's tread.

The children scream, and wail the women;
Unchecked the fiends and fates conspire,
And rush and glare o'er dead and dying;
The torch leaps forth, and Troy's on fire.
Neath blood-red surges falls the city
The gods believed eternal; dread
Seized suddenly the faltering minstrel,
Then choked his voice and sunk his head.

His lips were locked with pangs of anguish.
Of mighty song the outward trace;

But soon arose a ruddy north-light,
And flushed his chiselled Grecian face.
"In vain!" the minstrel sighed; "no further
My wings can bear this daring flight;
To sing the poet's inspiration
Must I have burning Troy in sight."

With flaming brow the monarch, turning,
Sprang up and cried: "So let it be!
Ascend we to the golden terrace;
Thy madness, boy, is heaven's decree.
And if 'tis thine, 'tis mine in spirit,
Or have the gods taught thee my dream?
Howe'er it be, I own a madness
The gods themselves will worthy deem.

"Here blaze the torches; here are goblets,
And here the lyre with golden ring;
A second time shall fire storm Ilium;
A second song shall Virgil sing.
Fill up for me the goblet brimming
With famed Falerno's fiery foam;
I quaff a deep, imperial bumper,
Here's health to thee, my Troy in Rome.

"My hands shall scatter roses o'er thee;
To Phæton's chariot I aspire;
The torch! Bring hither many flambeaus—
Bring flaming, hungering brands of fire."

And brand on brand flies hissing downward
On sleeping Rome's deep-pulsing breast ;
The monarch's limbs with pleasure tremble,
For mad delight has made him blest.

A purple blush night's brow suffuses,
And smoke and vapor reddening rise ;
The fire-fiends dance in circles upward,
And fiery tongues lick o'er the skies.
The children scream, and wail the women ;
Unchecked the fiends and fates conspire,
And rush and glare o'er dead and dying —
It spreads ! and Rome is wrapped in fire.

Thus falls in dust and ashes storming
Rome's ancient splendor, matchless might ;
With clouded face the moon flies trembling,
As if to shun the hideous sight.
To greet the radiant blush of morning,
Deceived, the lark-choirs singing rise ;
Like brides, a troop of gay Auroras
O'er Rome in ruins tread the skies.

And roll the waters of the Tiber
Like molten suns through night's domains.
The monarch gave one look of rapture ;
A fever shoots through all his veins.
The royal barge came at his bidding,
With roses lined on every side ;

He stepped on board in royal purple,
And glided o'er the crimson tide.

So speeds the night, while ever gentler
The boat is rocked by wave and wind ;
Then spake the tyrant — pleasure-glutted :
“ My eyes are sated ; now be blind ! ”
At flush of dawn the pilots homeward
Slow steer the prow, and gain the land.
A low voice breathes among the roses :
“ Now Virgil's song I understand.

“ I thank thee, boy, of tresses golden ;
Take thou this diadem from me —
The symbol of imperial station,
Thus from my brow I yield to thee.
Nay — take it softly ; I implore thee
Dispel not soon this vision bright,
Lest when it fails, my heart, now blissful,
Be plunged again in its old night.”





DISENTHRALLED.

I WANDER forth on the dank cold ground
By the shore of a frozen river;
The earth and waters are winter-bound,
I feel their rough breath and shiver
As I draw my cloak of fur around,
And look on the lifeless river.

My soul is bound as the fettered stream,
And more than the sky 'tis dreary;
A pall is over my life's young dream,
And my fancy's wings are weary.
Where are the visions which used to teem
When the voice of hope was cheery?

I sit me down on the cushioned ground
Beside a shimmering river;
Spring comes with a merry and lightsome bound,
And the leaves and grasses quiver,
And daisies and buttercups flutter around
On the marge of the rippling river.

The rustling hosts with banners of green,
Sly over the hills are glancing;
While marching down the valleys are seen
The timid pickets advancing
In armor bright with velvety sheen
On breezy coursers prancing.

They gallop to bolted doors and knock :
Awake ! Awake from your dreaming !
They shout to the weird wind-beaten stalk
With olden memories teeming :
The spirit within revives with the shock,
And opens its windows gleaming.

And all abroad over valley and hill,
With touch and tone awaking
From icy grasp and passionless chill
And tattered garments flaking —
The elfin army bounds with a thrill —
Its winter bondage breaking.

The troopers surround my lone retreat,
And my prisoned soul deliver ;
They waltz with zephyrs about my feet
With graceful curve and quiver :
With garlands they twine my grassy seat,
Beside the shimmering river.

The air is choked by the harmonies
That pour with the sunshine's gushing ;
And gala flags are hung in the trees
With blood of the spring-time flushing,
And singing and humming, birds and bees
The frolicsome winds are hushing.

The fairies knock at my spirit's door
 Locked close with pain and sadness ;
I rise renewed on the beautiful shore,
 Redeemed from thrall of madness.
The demons of darkness follow no more
 My soul which walks in gladness.

I sit me down by the river of thought,
 In calm and sweet devotion ;
With life and vigor the spring has wrought
 In the pulse of dead emotion :
By the dance of the rippling waves I'm taught
 The boundless roll of the ocean.





THE MYSTIC.

A MYSTIC being I call to mind,
Who wanders o'er earth alone ;
Amongst the millions of human kind
He mingles and works — unknown.
Who is the stranger ? What is his name ?
His rank, his mission, his sphere ?
The passing wonder is whence he came,
And what is he doing here ?

He comes where masses of people meet,
In every clime and land ;
None hear the tread of his slippered feet,
Yet many have grasped his hand.
I see him now ! He is smiling — there —
With features of genial mould ;
He's young, and more than a mortal fair,
Yet flourished in days of old.

Start not — his manners are human — see,
He breathes in a healthful calm ;
His manhood is gentle, his spirit free,
His heart is pure as the lamb.

How strange his being — so old, yet young !
Was ever such mortal before ?
He lives — the type of lineage, sprung
From mystical sages of yore.

He burst from a dim Olympian height
When first the races began ;
He bears the Orient's banner of light
Adown the ages of man.
'Mid Spring's early blooms — before the flood,
When nature was blithe and young,
He tilled the green earth where Babel stood,
And spoke the primeval tongue.

In Shinar he saw the human tide,
Which swelled with a tumult grand,
In billowy cohorts surging wide —
Dash on to the Promised Land.
Around him peoples lay wrecked and tossed,
The sport of the Storm-King's breath ;
He saved some fragments, where all seemed lost
And conquered the phantom Death !

He saw the Old World wonders gleam,
As they rose in shadowy light —
Like golden domes that shine in a dream,
On the dark back-ground of night.

Another morn — the vision had fled ;
He walked amid ruins alone ;
And nothing told of the vanished dead
Save histories carved in stone.

He knew their story, and wandered on —
One lingering look he cast ;
Then rose in the sphere of a brighter dawn,
And shed the light of the past.
The springs of ages renewed his youth
With blossoms and change sublime ;
He found the gold of eternal truth,
And coined the ingots for Time.

He drank at the Chaldean fount of thought,
Ere yet it was stained with guile ;
And, deep in mysterious knowledge, taught
The dusky priests of the Nile.
By sea and by land, — from coast to coast
Did the wondrous Chaldean roam ;
Where Israel's Kings led the Judean host
He built for the Tribes a home.

He passed the dread ordeal of strife,
And glows — a symbol of Truth ;
He quaffed the soul's elixir of Life,
And blooms in immortal youth.

A mystic! — come from the ancient days
With wisdom, and craft, and lore;
Whose daily walks are the humble ways
Where virtue ennobles the poor.

He tempers the heat of passions strong
By language of tender tone;
His voice has a deeper charm than song,
And every tongue is his own.
He meets the scourge of the desert, grim,
And reeking with spoils and gore;
He speaks — the barbarian yields to him,
And revels in blood no more.

I see him go on an errand of love
For a brother oppressed with care;
In secret he kneels to the Throne above
For a brother's soul, in prayer.
He locks in his bosom the sacred breath
Of confidence held most dear;
The erring he guides from the vale of death,
And whispers a word of cheer.

The guard of Beauty, he stands by her side,
Between her weakness and harm,
And mother, sister, daughter, or bride,
Is safe at his good right arm.

He draws a magic circle around
Th' ideal that charms his mind ;
None dare intrude on the sacred ground
Where love and virtue are shrined.

Where daylight glooms and the air is defiled,
And worth is by penury tried,
A widow gasps—dying—“My child ! my child !”
The stranger stands at her side.
His magic revives her fading sight
With joy's most exquisite thrill ;
The soul of the mother is crowned with light,
The child has a guardian still.

From drooping age's tottering form
He lifts a cumbersome load ;
He shields the shelterless head from storm,
And smooths life's rugged road.
With Death he enters his presence grand
To brighten the closing scene ;
And in the grave with fraternal hand
He plants the evergreen.

I see him gleam through the battle's smoke
In glorious prowess revealed ;
He turns the edge of the hostile stroke,
And foes part friends on the field.

The mystic plies his wonderful art ; —
His temples adorn all lands ;
In secret he builds, and moulds the heart
For "the house not made with hands."

And when the wrongs of humanity plead
For a hero to lead the van,
The power is rife in the loins of need,
And the Times bring forth the *man*.
The heart of mankind conceived : — he came,
The child of Faith and Desire ;
His life is the spirit of earthly flame —
Baptized with Heavenly fire.

Whence comes the magical charm he bears ?
His purpose is great and good !
His mother inspired the smile he wears,
And named him — Brotherhood !
He honors the parent that gave him birth
With love that never will cease,
And hence his days are long on the earth ; —
His mission is crowned with peace.

An artisan ; yet he wears no sign
That might his calling declare ;
Within and not *on* his bosom shine
The trowel, compass and square.

A mystic? Yes, if power for good
Be proof of the mystic's art!
A stranger? Ah! no, for Brotherhood
Reigns over the realm of Heart.





RAKING HAY.

T WAS in the days of mowing
With honest arm and scythe ;
When neighbors helped in neighbors' fields,
And harvest hands were blythe.

And I was then a stripling —
They called me half a hand —
Among the stalwart, sunbrowned men
Who tilled the clover-land.

The lines of mowers mowing
With swinging pace along ;
The cadence of the rhythmic strokes
Set heart a-beating song.
Sweet music of the whetstones,
Like morning bells in chime,
Tuned mellow, through some harsher sounds —
My heart's still beating time.

Right onward marched the mowers
Knee deep in flowering grass ;
They ranged according to their skill
Like school-boys in a class.

And strength was brought to trial,
And strove with wrestler's wroth —
Who could the smoothest stubble cut,
And who the widest swath?

How proudly strove the leader —
The swiftest and the best !
He held his place a cut or two
Ahead of all the rest ;
Allowed no one to lead him
The breadth of brawny hand : —
A master of the mowing-craft,
He ruled the clover-land.

The morning beams came glancing
The fluttering tree-tops thro',
Like golden bills of birds that bent
To sip the sparkling dew.
And then in mild mid-morning,
Began the harvest day,
And all hands — girls and boys and men —
Were merry making hay.

Then came a choice of partners
Who could the best agree,
And lots were drawn by glances quick —
Kate always fell to me !

Now turn thy glass, O mem'ry,
Upon that harvest-day,
Which poured its sunshine over me
And Katie making hay.

The morning call of luncheon
To grassy table laid,
Assembled all the haymakers
Beneath a lone tree's shade ;
A bliss of rest and breathing
By leafy fingers fanned —
And then another haying-heat
Raced o'er the clover land.

We spread the swaths commingling
In beds of rustling brown,
And rich field-odors floated up
On wings of feathery down.
Then rolled the ridgy windrows —
The triumphs of the day :
I dreamed o'er triumphs of a life
With Katie raking hay.

She looked all over bonnet —
Of gingham, blue and white —
Her face's roses in the shade
Glanced out their own sweet light.

Her rake would get entangled
Sometimes, by locking mine,
And when she said : " Provoking thing ! "
E'en quarreling was divine !

A spring of bubbling waters
Welled up in woodside cool,
And ever at the field's end hedge
Both thirsted for the pool.
She drank from out a goblet
I made her of my hands,
And, kneeling at her feet, I quaffed
From cup of golden sands.

The last load in the twilight
Dragged slowly towards the stack —
Just like a great brown burly beast
With children on its back ;
And flecky clouds hung over,
Of softest creamy hue,
Like handfuls plucked from cotton bales
And dashed against the blue.

I'm dreaming now of haytime,
The fields and skies are bright ;
I see among the harvesters
A bonnet — blue and white —

And Katie's face is in it,
A shade, it may be, tanned;
But 'tis the fairest face of all
That grace the clover land.

The clover crop was gathered
In harvests long ago;
Another partner Katie chose
For life's uphill windrow.
But oh, of all the sunshine
That ever blessed a day —
The crown still shimmers over me
And Katie raking hay.





THE OLD CLERK.

THE old clerk climbed on his counting-room stool,
Prompt as the early sun;
His day-book and ledger, rubber and rule
Were brought forth one by one.
He seemed to shrink
From the spots of ink
That frowned on him there alone;
And sometimes grimly smiled to think
That his hands were not his own.

Through shadows thick falling 'around him,
No light can dim vision descry;
In the fetters by which fate has bound him
There's nothing for him but to die.

The old clerk sat on his high-top stool
All bowed with toil and woe;
And dreamed of a boy who romped at school
A many a year ago.

His heart beat light,
No shade of blight
Had crossed his sunny face ;
His being was all golden bright —
A type of youthful grace.

No stains were on his delicate hands ;
His face beamed health and joy ;
Time turned his glass ! — the glowing sands
Ran golden towards the boy.
Lost voices swelled with silver ring,
His clouded sense grew clear,
Bleak Winter melted into Spring —
The springtime of the year.
Life's morning dawned with ruddy flame,
Arrayed in vernal sheen
The frost of seventy years became
The dew of seventeen.
The dream soon passed —
Dreams never last ;
That youth is worn and old ;
A cheerless life
Of toil and strife
Hath left him grim and cold.
The ghosts of all his drudging years
Before his vision rise ;
The shrouded form of Hope appears,
And mocks his sunken eyes.

This was no dream ; he raised his face
O'er fancy's flattering mask ;
He then resumed his lowly place,
And plied his daily task.

On the verge of the world he lingers,
And croons a moaning refrain,
While drumming with trembling fingers
To the plaintively dolorous strain.

Look at his dreary prison cell —
Excluding air and light ;
The prisoned eye alone can tell
If it be day or night.
Spiders of olden-time had spread
Their gossamer net-work there ;
But even they, affrighted, fled
From the dank, unwholesome air.
The shrinking tracks of the old clerk's life
All center in this dark room ;
His little ones and his patient wife
Were hidden in deeper gloom.
They cowered in the cold, deep city,
In rags, and squalor, and dread —
Too proud for the guerdon of pity,
While starving for daily bread.
To his hapless fortune they clung
With the feverish gripe of despair ;

When they perished, each death-knell rung
 "Amen" to a wailing prayer.
These ties of a home and the hearth
 Were sundered, one by one ;
They fell to the pitying earth,
 And left him alone — alone !
Like a tree in a wide desert plain —
 A figure of mute despair,
That never can blossom again,
 All branchless, leafless and bare.
You would say he never was young,
 But always sombre and cold :
From Winter and Ruin sprung —
 A child born hoary and old.

Not a flower of his springtime lingers ;
 He sits at his desk resigned,
With the rust of ink on his fingers —
 The mould of age in his mind.

His ledgers are ranged on a shelf,
 In a musty, regular row,
As so many parts of himself
 Abandoned under the snow.
A mournful history trace
 On every faded page ;
From the flourish of youthful grace,
 To signs of trembling age.

Not a flower of his springtime lingers;
He sits at his desk resigned,
With the rust of ink on his fingers —
The mould of age in his mind.

The old clerk climbed down his ladder-like stool;
His long day's work was done, —
Ledger and pen, rubber and rule
Were laid by, one by one.
He locked once more
The office door,
And blessed the setting sun
He'd blessed it many a time before,
His work day being done.
The daylight flashed o'er dale and hill,
And gilt the city's spires: —
One form was cold, one heart was still,
Unwarmed by morning's fires.
The stool whereon the clerk grew gray
Stood vacant, grim, and lone;
His spirit spurned the urn of clay,
His last day's work was done.

No green for his memory lingers;
He lived and died resigned,
With the rust of ink on his fingers —
The mould of age in his mind.



SHOSHONE.

THIS song is of the West.

The orient beam
That gilds the dewy gateway of the morn
Discovers only fierce barbarian hordes
Crouching amid decay : — dark sentinels
Who stand the night-watch of the ancient world.
The living torrent left some stagnant pools
Around the fountain, while the swelling tide
Swept on resistless — following the day.
Thus civilization leads her noisy train
Westward, and ploughs a fertile belt of earth,
For sustenance ; and builds up mountain high
Her monuments, to crumble in their turn.
And still beyond are wide, untrodden fields,
Unfathomed solitudes, and desert wilds,
And more barbarians ; dusky forest kings
Of narrowing realms ; and villages that flit
Before the plough, the anvil, and the loom.
They leave the earth unbroken by their tread,
And nature's face, untarnished by their touch,
And heaven's clear air untainted by their breath —
These untamed wanderers. God's work remains —
As moulded by the great creative Hand —
Of all His world the purest in the West.

Now let us venture past the scattered van
Of Empire's army ; past the pioneer
Who guards the border ; past old hunting grounds
Deserted by both hunter and his game ;
Beyond the hills that gird the Mormon valley ;
To the far, trackless wilds of Idaho,
Where the sun shines the brightest on our land,
And burnishes the earth with sands of gold.
Pause, and view Nature in her morning robes —
As fresh and fair as when she put them on
To welcome life around these mountain shrines
Here, a sweet river wanders to the West —
Its current dimpled, deep and crystal clear,
Glides calmly, smoothly in its dreamless rest
Wrapped in the glossy mantle of the sky.

Behold a change ! — as when an avalanche
Leaps down the highest Alps, and drowns the
vale.

The sleeping waters startled from their bed
Rush o'er a chasm's brink with wail and crash,
What time the trumpet Canon's echoing horn
The deafening blast prolongs. Listening afar,
Old Druid mountains nod their snowy heads
With grave applause. Near, eagles nurse their
young
Rocked by the surges, — dripping with the spray.

From nature's loom descends the silver sheet
Endless, inwove with every sunlight tint
And fringed with feathery foam. The maddened
tide,
Full fifty fathoms, thunders down th' abyss,
Then steepy shores the angry waters guide —
A rapid river dashing towards the sea.

We call the marvellous cataract Shoshone —
Wild as its savage name. The jewelled queen
Of torrents, throned in misty solitude,
Reigns not alone in grandeur. Kindred springs
Mould kindred features in the veins of earth.
Thrice do the foaming waters surge and plunge:
They hang 'mid folds of shadowy clouds on high;
Then dash in clouds of diamond mist below,
And rainbows arch them in the middle sky.

The cloistered genius of the wilderness
Holds converse with the spirit of the flood —
Endowed with life, and language eloquent.
I, too, would speak with thee, whose playful hand
Pours streaming silver down the mountain side,
From earth's exhaustless urn; whose deep voice
rang
For prayer in Nature's high cathedral dome,
To glorify the young creation's birth.

Who art thou, Shoshone? Dread solitudes
Appalled thine infancy and nurse thy age.
The roving spirit of an Indian King
Disturbed thy bosom and impelled thy steps
Towards shining peaks that lured thee from afar
To that fell plunge; and thy untrammelled youth
With pride and daring sought the sunset clime.
And fields of glory in the unlocked wilds
Reveal thy mystery! Come forth and speak
Of periods that have flown like shadows o'er thee.
One word would fall a plummet in the void
Of circling cycles, and unpeopled realms.
All, all is silent, save the ceaseless wail
Of headlong torrents on the desert air.
That wail was silence through long ages past.
Where no ear is, the hollow waves of sound
Float meaningless, on seas of nothingness,
So Time is not, but in recorded hours
Struck from the vacuum of Eternity.

Since men have sought the desert for its sands
Thy regal pomp has fallen. Thy retinue
Affrighted fled: Thou'rt sitting in the sun,
Thy white beard streaming, and thy shaggy locks
All misty with the gray of centuries —
Abandoned monarch on a liquid throne.
The crown of sunbeams wreathed upon thy brow
Conceals the furrowed scars of rifting time.

Thine eyes with starry lustre glow. Thy breast
Heaves with the joy of immortality.
Thy mantle of ethereal fabric glows,
With change eternal, studded o'er with gems,
And like a live cloud rolls around thy form
In skyey convolutions : such thy state —
And such thy home impaled by frosty peaks.
Thy flood, Shoshone, typifies a race
Peaceful and tranquil, till its fall and flight —
Yet still unconquered — ever roving free,
And never chained to toil. The white man's face
Warns thee of bridges, cities, throngs of men
To ravage thy domain. Thine age untamed —
Transfixed upon that dire Promethean rock —
Is not exempt from chains. Thy pride may bend
To millions that will swarm to mock thy power, —
His fate who carried Gaza's gates of old.





ZELDA.

HER lone heart mused, her sad face smiled;
She seemed a frail, fond, earnest child.
Her eyes were large and strange and
deep —

Eyes one would think could never sleep —
Wild orbs that flashed an inner light!
Which pierced the film of outward sight,
As lightning rends the veil of night.
A power of vision some inherit
To see at once both form and spirit,
And rapturous visions oft beguiled
The spirit of the artist child,
And lured her where old temples stand
In some far distant sunny land.

An infant wonder Zelda grew
To all who saw her — all who knew.
She left her young companions' games
For higher walks and nobler aims.
They missed her answers in the class,
And sought her 'mid the flowers and grass,
Or where the streamlet softly purred,
And sang of nature's inner world;

Half conscious only — half in dream
Her fancy floated down the stream.
And soon the ocean rolled in view —
That mystery of arching blue !
She saw the heavens darkly frown
O'er deeps where stately ships go down ;
Beyond the gulf of rocks and gales
She marked the gently wafted sails,
And still beyond she traced the strand
That girt around the sunny land.

Sweet Zelda bloomed as wild flower blows,
Bright as the rarest mountain rose.
The wise reproved, the thoughtless smiled,
And passed the idle, dreaming child,
While lessons taught by mighty Art
Were bursting then her burdened heart.
She scorned the curb of form's control,
And nursed the spirit in her soul ;
Till fair upon the canvas grew
The outlines of the truths she knew.
Soon deepening touches there revealed
That she had Nature's book unsealed —
And read ! Her trembling pencil traced
Studies and themes, as oft effaced ;
Then bolder flashed the living light,
And truth, the charmer, filled the sight.

So Zelda painted. Art to her
Was God's most sinless worshipper ;
Sainted and stainless from its birth,
A type of all that's pure on earth ;
Interpreter of language, given
To smooth the rugged path to heaven.
High Art ! Holy God-like power
To live an age in one short hour.

Thus Zelda lived from all apart.
She toiled, and toiled alone with art ;
Neglect and ruin in its wake
Bruised her young heart, but could not break ;
Her faith was strong, though hope's dim star
Could barely cast its beams so far
To light her yet unheeded name
From dark obscurity to fame ;
The dim star glimmered o'er the strand
That poets sing — the sunny land.
And soon the happy west winds blow
And Zelda sails in morning glow.
When bounding o'er the billows free,
She knew her young dream of the sea ;
Wherein she seemed a child no more,
And courted breakers, waves and roar.
The prescient vision told her life —
Her heart was armed for nobler strife.

The light shone brighter o'er her home
Among the masters of old Rome.
The great of earth, who stand sublime,
Defiant of the storms of time,
As brothers loved, as masters taught,
Supreme in highest realms of thought,
Their stone and canvas breathe for aye !
They live — true art can never die.
'Mid fortune's frowns, and pain, and strife
The brave young girl toiled on 'for life ;
Not life which fades with fleeting breath,
But vital power which conquers death.

Where cottages are scattered thin,
Beyond the city's dust and din,
Fair Zelda plied her busy hand,
And fairer grew the sunny land.
Within her studio rapt she stood,
Her great ambition at its flood ;
Palette and pencil laid aside,
She viewed a recent touch with pride ;
Ecstatic hope wore no disguise,
She struggled for a nation's prize :
A royal tribute, set apart
To grace the roll of modern art.
Her wild emotions who can know ?
What art can paint her features' glow,

As thoughts tumultuous ebb and flow?
With genius flashing from the walls,
Hope crowned her queen in stately halls;
The central mark of wondering eyes —
The artist girl who won the prize.

A throng besieged the palace gates
Where artists, trembling, wooed the Fates.
Zelda stood there — unnoticed, lone,
Great in herself, but still unknown.
A rush — a thousand voices' din
Hummed like a distant storm within.
"The prize!" rang out above the roar,
Zelda beheld and heard no more!
Her name was voiced from ground to dome,
And borne aloft to Mother Rome.
Her picture won; the crowd around
Trod softly, as on hallowed ground.
Now came a painful, breathless pause —
Then burst the thunders of applause.
So Zelda triumphed — alien born —
'Gainst rival plots and petty scorn.
None questioned age, or sex, or birth —
Such art belongs to all the earth.
Where'er she moved she heard her name
In tones of love — and this was fame.
A whispered hush! The boisterous glee
Grew tranquil as a summer sea.

The throng moved wide on either hand,
Awed by the symbol of command.
A lady of the land stood there,
Whose stately mien and queenly air
Proclaimed an empress, pure and good,
A type of noble womanhood.
“Zelda!” she called—that magic name
Rang through the hall; the artist came.
And Zelda knew her royal guest,
And sobbed aloud upon her breast.
The artist and the queen were bound
By nature’s bond on equal ground;
The might of genius towered elate,
Nor bowed before the regal state;
The trusting girl dismissed her fears,
The Queen dissolved in Woman’s tears.
The tender greeting o’er—behold
On Zelda’s neck a cross of gold.





SONGS OF THE DAWN.

TIS morning, and the rising day
Has donned his frosty robe of gray;
The stars — bright sentries of the skies —
Blink at the dawn with drowsy eyes,
Then one by one their exit make,
And vanish when the world's awake.
Awake! yet midnight's deepest gloom
Still hovers in the darkened room.
Ye sleepers! hear the vocal swells
Sung to the chime of matin bells;
They come from Labor's gleeful band,
The native minstrels of the land,
Birds, in their songs, from hedge and tree,
Chant Nature's wild excess of glee;
In turn, their merry notes tune man,
And then *he sings* — because he can.

The earth's a business place; its throngs
Beguile their toil with cheerful songs.
The World's reflector is the Press,
Which gleams like day in morning dress,
And casts its radiance in the gloom
Of many a darkly curtained room.

The slothful, while supine they lie,
Shut in from light, and air, and sky,
May gather from the newsboy's song
How fast Time's current sweeps along.

"We come like heralds of the morn,
Nor value praise, nor care for scorn!
We come from many a tottering shed,
With scarce a blanket for a bed.
Our chinky roofs admit the light,
By which we count the hours of night,
As star-beams through the rafters stray,
Until we hail the break of day.
Soon cries of 'Morning Papers' pour
An earnest plaint at every door;
And upper windows, here and there,
Are raised, admitting light and air.
And thus we wander up and down
Until we 'rouse the sleeping town."

The farm-yard minstrel chanticleer —
Lord of the roost for many a year —
Rings out the morning's loud alarm,
And wakens up the drowsy farm.
The plow-boy bounds upon the lawn,
And yokes his team at early dawn;
He plows and sows the fallow field,
Expectant of the harvest's yield;

While furrow deep he plods along,
He sings his happy morning song :

“ We sturdy sons of honest toil,
Who guide the plow and till the soil,
Secure the brightest bloom of health,
And open all the springs of wealth.

“ The stream which turns the busy mill
First ripples in a mountain rill ;
We trace the current to its birth,
And find it trickling from the earth.

“ From earth we draw the golden store
Of fruit, and grain, and shining ore ;
Ours are the springs ; we drink our fill
And thrive beside the sparkling rill.

“ And as the stream, meandering free,
Pays tribute to the swallowing sea,
So we to hungry cities yield
The riches of the mine and field.

“ No treasure of the earth is found
By lofty flights above the ground ;
Star-gazing swains their fortunes mar
Who do not court the Morning Star.”

At early dawn, upon the glade
Trips forth the rosy dairy-maid.
Her form is lithe, her face is bright,
Revealed in mellow, misty light.

Aurora's self is not more sweet,
With dew-beads on her naked feet,
Than is the simple country girl
With eyes of blue and teeth of pearl,
And cherry lips, whence issue wreaths
Of perfumed mist, that morning breathes;
Which, curling 'mong her tresses brown,
Half veil her homespun rustic gown.
The marble whiteness of her arms
Suggests a wealth of hidden charms
Brighter than painters' art e'er taught,
Rounder than ever chisel wrought.
Now hear the maiden, fresh and hale,
Sweet warbling o'er her milking pail:

"A country girl I'm proud to be;
The country is the home for me!
A reigning belle I would not live
For all the power the world can give.
Oh, tell me not of masques and balls,
The paint and glare of gilded halls!
But give me slumber's boon at night,
And let me rise with morning light.

A country girl I'm proud to be ;
The country is the home for me !

“ Give me the strains of morning birds ;
The bugle notes of lowing herds ;
And let me quaff the sparkling wine
Drawn foaming from the generous kine.
I would not waste my life away,
To crown the night, by robbing day,
For all the gold and all the gems
Of monarchs and their diadems.
A country girl I'm proud to be ;
The country is the home for me ! ”

The city sounds and songs float o'er us,
In deep and never ending chorus ;
The human maelstrom never sleeps,
But ebbs and flows as ocean's deeps.
The night of pleasure drowns on
Till startled by the rising dawn ;
Its sickly lights fade one by one,
As stars go out before the sun.
Lone Riot sinks, and hears its knell
In huckster's horn and milkman's bell —
The echoes of those voices warm
Which float in from the far-off farm.
How little do ye know who sleep
Of vigils that the lowly keep,

Who rise betimes each working day
To drive starvation's wolf away.
Ye view existence through the haze
That curtains all your yesterdays;
Ye shine with night's reflected beams,
And languish in a land of dreams.





SALLIE BROWN.

WE live at home — plain, homely folks —
And let the world run riot.
Our family jars o'erflow with jokes —
Our quarrels e'en are quiet.

We have an infant band of three,
All innocent and sweet;
Who chatter all in harmony
With little pattering feet.

This stream of twilight music fills
Our measure of desire,
When pouring forth its artless trills
Around the evening fire.

We've trouble, too, o'er which we muse,
But do not tell the town;
Our kitchen teems with broils and stews —
Dished up by Sallie Brown.

Without more preface to begin; —
Who may be Sallie Brown?
A servant girl, we took her in,
And soon she took us down.

She entered by the alley gate
One night at nine or later ;
We did not find until too late
We'd caught an alligator,

'Twas winter time, and bitter cold ;
We hired her as we thought ;
We felt so cheap when we were sold
And she so dearly bought.

She did not suit — we missed some spoons,
And other pantry ware :
I lost my only pantaloons,
Which left my wardrobe bare,

I let them go without a fuss,
And played philosopher :
Our girl no more belonged to us,
But we belonged to her.

Beneath her spreading crinoline —
No matter what she wore ;
Those pantaloons so fitly mine —
I never saw them more.

We paid her off — yet still she stayed —
Staid girl — from heel to crown :
An all-time-serving servant maid
Was our dear Sallie Brown.

The kitchen claimed her sex and age
And other qualifications ;
But woman's rights were now the rage,
And manly aspirations.

Stuffed in among the pots and pans
Were yellow covered novels —
All mouldy with the stale romance
Of ladies born in hovels.

We had one hungry Christmas day, —
Her last of kitchen duty,
Before she threw herself away,
To find herself a beauty.

That day her conduct raised our ire ;
The sky was dark and murky :
Her lovers gossiped 'round the fire,
And gobbled up our turkey.

They drank our wine — with thirst increased
By pastry, sweets and jam :
They had no scruples o'er the feast,
But closed it with a dram.

I raved as mildly as I could
I'm not a family snarler ;
But hinted in a tone subdued,
"She'd better take the parlor."

She took it — I could not object
 'Tis rude to be uncivil :
I bowed her in with mock respect,
 And wished her to the devil.

I did not moan, nor sigh, nor curse,
 I did not even frown ;
For many a home bears foibles worse
 Than those of Sallie Brown.

A joke's a joke, while all agree
 To bear its point with patience ;
Our servant gave it out that we
 Were only poor relations.

This cruel thrust, we passed it by —
 'Tis so unkind to quarrel ;
The steel that flashes in a lie
 Will also point a moral.

In time we e'en enjoyed the joke,
 So truthful was its ring ;
It might be true of other folk,
 And laughter healed the sting.

Our servant rules, and holds the keys,
 To all our household store ;
She'll fit the station by degrees,
 As some have done before.

I took a city car one day,
Used up and tired down ;
But soon I gave my seat away —
To whom? Why, Sallie Brown.

The people's servants, clerks and clowns
Who rule the present hour
Are just so many " Sallie Browns "
Usurping place and power.

We grieve to see their shameless tricks
In days so dark and murky ;
They wait the people's cuffs and kicks
For eating up the turkey.

The moral of the story's told ;
The world is running riot ;
And better far than power or gold,
Is plain domestic quiet.





THE LEGEND OF A LEAF.

WE sat and talked together where
Magnolias were in bloom ;
She had their blossoms in her hair,
But in her features gloom.

For I would start for other lands
Before to-morrow's shine ;
At parting I held both her hands
And asked her to be mine.

She took a bright magnolia leaf
Which flowers were nestling in,
And on it, while she hid her grief,
She wrote with golden pin.
Then handing me the leaf, she said :
" Preserve this page with care,
And meet me living, mourn me dead,
My answer's written there.

" 'Tis said such writing as I've done
Upon the leaf's smooth green
Will, after weeks or months have gone,
Unfold its filmy sheen,

And when the leaf is brown and sere,
And pictures woe and blight,
The letter tracings will appear
In lines of living light."

The pin upon her bosom glowed
When last I held her hand ;
The blank green leaf no message showed
My heart could understand.
Yet, handing me the leaf, she said :
" Preserve this page with care,
And meet me living, mourn me dead,
My answer's written there."

I journeyed far to other lands,
But met no change of scene,
For all the world was desert sands,
With one far spot of green,
And weeks and weary months had gone ;
The treasured leaf each day
I questioned, dreamed and mused upon,
But it had naught to say.

It was a trick by woman planned
To soothe the parting grief,
And now I know her lily hand
Wrote nothing on the leaf.

I did not have her word to thank
For dealing me this blow,
Yet on the fading page's blank
Was plainly written "No!"

And then I hid it from my sight,
And journeyed on and on,
Until I plunged in polar night,
And all the green was gone.
And once I dreamed she came and said:
"Preserve the page with care,
And meet me living, mourn me dead,
My answer's written there."

I saw her plain as ever stood
A thing of mortal mould,
While throbbed on breathing flesh and blood
Her bosom's star of gold.
I grasped the faded leaf and read —
The letters seemed divine —
"Shouldst meet me living, mourn me dead
Forever I am thine."

I hastened through the northern night,
I crossed the desert's sand,
And bright one morning dawned the light
Of dear Magnolia Land.

There had been pestilence and war,
And ruin seemed to be.
I saw a little golden star
On our magnolia tree.

With trembling hand and loving care,
And troubled thought within,
I took a paper folded there
And pinned with golden pin.
And 'neath the whispering leaves I read
The same words line for line :
"Shouldst meet me living, mourn me dead,
Forever I am thine."

And still another word was there,
For constancy alone,
Which raised my heart from low despair
When every hope had flown.
My southern bird had taken flight
Before the storm that fell ;
Had winged her passage through the night
And left that note to tell.

And then I felt a sweet relief,
While fiercer longings burned.
I sent her my magnolia leaf
To tell I had returned,

But followed it with fluttering haste :
No more from her I'll roam,
For we are building in the waste
The old magnolia home.





ENDOWMENT.

THERE was a meeting, late one summer night,
Among the clouds on dim Olympus' height —
A gathering of the Gods of Grecian story,
In moonshine shimmer of their olden glory.
Celestial types of Hellenic renown;
And all were present, from the Thunderer down.

Grave matter, doubtless — war or want or wrong;
Whatever's up — fit subject for a song.
Where's a reporter with a classic head
To take it down? The Ancients are all dead.

Time was when poets only could report
Olympian councils of this sacred sort.
But circumvent or circumscribe who can
A nineteenth century newspaper man.
In Protean brain and adamantine cheek
Our bold Bohemian beats the ancient Greek.
To head off dead-heads, squeeze out sponging bores,
This secret conclave sat with guarded doors;
Yet, with their eyes alert and wits about,
They could not keep "our correspondent" out.

A rising wind is told by drifting straws,
And frowning brows portend a stormy cause.
But here came bright eyes — beauties wreathed with
smiles —

The fair immortals, sweet with woman's wiles.

It was not battle's victories or defeats,
For Mars and stern Minerva took back seats.
No first-class deity appeared to know
The reason why they were assembled so.
Nymphs, Naiads, Fauns of hill and stream and grove
All marveled much why they were called — by Jove!
They sat like audience in a theatre
Awaiting some new wonder to appear.

Transfer the scene to more familiar light;
Suppose a play-house on that mountain height;
And here we are — gods, goddesses and all —
In due obedience to some sovereign call;
And dead-heads too — deny it if you can,
And that ubiquitous newspaper man.

The scene is changed. The people here decree,
And their one voice is law of Deity.
Who speaks? The tones come thrilling from the
crowd —

The speaker hidden as behind a cloud:
" 'Tis rumored here, these modern pigmy clods

Imagine they can do without the gods.
Deluded mortals, we befriend them still,
And make our favorites great against their will.
Say Barbarism's past! Are we despised?
Our care be now to keep men civilized.
Say War is over! Shall our counsel cease?
They need it *more* to foster arts of peace.
And Peace it is; and joy now fills our hearts
In place of jealous rage and wrangling smarts;
Come forth and reign, ye guardians of the arts."

Who's this replies? Melpomene, tearful muse!
What god or mortal could her plaint refuse?
"We feel a *want* to fill the mimic scene,
A young, endowed, star-shining, tragic queen;
One who can weather Life's tempestuous flood —
Embodiment of Passion's flesh and blood;
A woman who can feel all mortal pains —
A harp attuned to Nature's wailing strains —
This is our *want* — to show how brief the bloom,
And that the world is modeled for a tomb."

Thalia claims a hearing next in order,
And trusts the crowd an audience will accord her.
Accorded: thus the merry muse replies:
"Now let our weeping sister dry her eyes;
Wet spoils her beauty — keep an onion near —
Good to distil the sympathetic tear.

Life has enough sad sorrows of its own,
Without grief's masquerade and mimic moan;
Why should mankind their noble powers enslave,
And mope by moonlight round an open grave?
Let's show them how to live in shining day,
And not in shadows drone their lives away.
Why not bring down the house with mirth and
 laughter,
And shake its lazy sides from floor to rafter?
Present to men the funny face of Folly,
And over their pet foibles make them jolly.
We *want* a change of bill — a happier scene —
For Horror's head, a radiant, laughing Queen.
"Professional spite!" The deep-toned voice replies;
"Ladies, you're jealous; come now, harmonize."
They stand together, beaming rival graces,
With just a shade of anger on their faces.
Each plays her queenly part with flashing eyes,
While round the circle murmurs "harmonize."
"We take our stand for classic art," says one;
Rejoins the other: "We go in for fun.
We think it our high mission to amuse —
Not play on keen emotions to abuse;
High Tragedy, we grant, is art's devotional;
But what's that tragic palsy, the emotional,
By which youth's bloom gets hopelessly stage-
 struck,
And in the quicksands of perdition stuck?"

Why, every school-girl Juliet's heart is set
On early death and tomb of Capulet.
If suicide goes on at such a pace,
Your tragedy will stop the human race."

Again that voice: "To have these quarrels done,
A miracle shall blend you both in one.
We want a woman of impassioned soul
And body joined to play your dual role;
We shall endow her with a force and mind
For tragic power and comic grace combined;
A Siddons, Rachel, Cushman — artists true,
And what we lost in lovely Neilson, too.
Of all our good gifts, we bestow our best
On the fresh genius of the New World West.
The name precise is not selected yet,
Perhaps 'tis Mary — maybe Margaret.
'What's in a name?' And really, what's the odds,
Since prophecy is guess-work of the gods?"
And bursting in the ferment of the crowd,
As from the billowy bosom of a cloud,
Comes like a peal of thunder: "She's endowed!"

Some say with genius; inspiration, some;
Many are called, but few there be who come.
All start upon life's race-course fresh and gay;
Those run ahead who hardest *work* their way.



THE SHORELESS SEA.

ABOVE the world, beneath, around,
Forever rolls a shoreless sea ;
Unknown, save by the low, profound,
Weird murmur of infinity.

Reason is blind ! Amid the gloom
Which shrouds the silent, heaving deep,
Her feeble light can ne'er illumine
The chambers of eternal sleep.

Wouldst thou the mystic veil withdraw,
Which screens the Living Throne from man ;
And trace the cause beyond the law.
Which was before the world began ?

The earth and all it holds is thine ;
The growth on valley, plain, and hill,
Thou hast the air, the sea, the mine,
And fire to mould them to thy will.

Trace if thou canst, the fountain's source ;
The drops which swell the sparkling tide,
Slow trickling in their mid-earth course,
Bewilder, while they seem to guide.

Explore the heavens with eye intent,
Catch every golden gleam from far ;
And search the arching firmament,
From sun to telescopic star.

Allay thy thirst at Learning's fount :
Examine strata — break the clod ;
Then let thy soaring vision mount,
And view the shining tracks of God.

Thou canst not sound the Shoreless Sea ;
Unfathomed by the plummet, Time :
Where life, through all eternity
Has circled round its source sublime.

Day gleams beyond thy straining look ;
Thy soul in blinding darkness grieves :
God closes his Eternal book,
And thought lies crushed between the leaves.

Vain mortal ! Turn within thyself —
Thou fountain of mysterious force,
Which springs for honor, power or pelf ;
And trace the drops which shape thy course !

'Tis easy : life is born of Life,
As fountains spring from mist and rain ;
It journeys through its term of strife,
And circles to its source again.

From Oceans' depths the mists arise :
They fall, and sink in Mother Earth :
Then seek again the parent skies,
And spring renewed in second birth.

Through Nature's mazy crypts profound,
Thy search for light will fruitless be :
Life's stream is thine above the ground,
While dashing towards the Shoreless Sea.

Thou soul akin to heavenly light,
Whom blazing orbs impelled to soar :
Thy thoughts like stars aflame by night,
In darkness spend their borrowed store.

If, from the highest peak of fame,
Immortal genius sound thy worth ;
Soon, men will read an unknown name
Upon thy little mound of earth.

Time's torrent dashes, swift and strong,
And ever towards the Shoreless Sea :
And in its drift we sweep along —
The sailors of Eternity.





CHIMNEY GHOST.

AN IDYL OF THE SOUTH.

A CHIMNEY by the roadside stands
With blighted creepers hung;
Around it whirl the sifted sands
From traveled highway flung,
It towers, and glooms, and *hush* commands;
And speaks with stony arms and hands,
In lieu of tongue.

A figure dumb, yet eloquent;
And carved by no man's hand,
It frowns, a sombre monument
By demon builders planned,
To give some fiendish purpose vent
And keep a brow of horror bent
Upon the land.

And poisonous vines around it cling
To guard its mystery;
From lurking thorn, and nettle's sting
Barefooted children flee;

To every living, breathing thing
Its shadow makes a baneful ring —
Like Upas tree.

No foliage in the circle waves
And prattles laughing tones ;
Yet near by, while it wails or raves,
A pine tree drops its cones —
Like tears upon forgotten graves
For which some soul remembrance craves,
And sighs and moans.

A choked and barren orchard sheds
Some fruitless blossoms near :
The vagrant wild-flowers hide their heads,
And shrink in fluttering fear ;
A broken arbor, vines in shreds,
And weed-invaded flower-beds
Lie waste and sear.

A home which neither roof nor hall,
Nor heart, nor fireside owns ; —
No chamber, but this chimney tall
With stairs of crumbling stones.
Charred tracings make a funeral pall,
And beams and rubbish round, are all
Unburied bones.

A chimney stark ; no wreath of smoke
Ascends in breath-like cloud.
The stately pillared porch is broke, —
The walls in dust are bowed ;
And idle gazers come and croak
About the house's palsy stroke —
Above its shroud.

There's nothing strikes such sickening dread
As blight without a frost ;
And here's a home so stricken dead :
What clinging lives it cost,
And how it loved, and strove, and bled,
And stained the fountains where it fed, —
All this is lost.

A desert picture girt all round
With frame of waving green ;
A void of life without a sound ;
A landscape dead in scene ; —
As though the lightning imps had found
And made the place a training ground
To sport their sheen.

'Tis in the flowery South-Land, where
The sweet Magnolia blows ;
And music fills the scented air
With passion of repose ;

And dusky forms in gardens fair
Are planting here ; — and training there
The musky rose.

Some charge this ruin on a war
Which laid the country low ;
And others blame Fate's evil star
Which blasts with ashen glow,
And hovers near, and follows far,
Like vengeance driving fiery car
O'er fallen foe.

The tattered fire-place seems to kneel —
A suppliant, choked and dumb —
Some sudden anguish to reveal
In words that will not come.
Yet, silenced by eternal seal,
It makes the rapt beholder *feel*
This *was* a home.

Enough : — the home has lived and died,
Nor record left nor tone ;
It locks one secret deep beside
The darkness of its own.
I come, with lingering love for guide
To find a Memory — petrified —
Its own gravestone.

The country gossips who delight
In marvels, gravely tell
That often travelers in the night
Are bound here by a spell,
The while, a woman, fluttering white
Who seems a most unhappy sprite,
Sings how she fell.

The crescent moon, like broken ring
Tossed on the foamy crest
Of some dark wave of sorrowing
Is dropping down the West ;
Now shrouded by the billows' wing
It fades, and seems a dying thing,
And sinks to rest.

I stand upon the old fire-place
Amid the dust of blight,
Am thinking of a vanished Grace,
In this all-swallowing night,
And on the background dark I trace
The shadowy outlines of *her* face
In lines of light.

And goodness in her features glows
As radiant as a star ;
Her heart is pure as whitest rose,
And sweet as roses are.

And now, within my bosom flows
A current, as of melted snows
From peaks afar.

A glimmer? — Like a wandering light!
It moves with human pace;
The tongue of Gossip once is right,
I see a dim, pale face.
There's nothing in it to affright,
And yet 'tis strange to see at night —
In such lone place.

I feel a life that touched and stirred
My own with hope and fear;
I feel the magic of a word
Unspoken many a year:
And like a far chant faintly heard,
Or cadence of a singing-bird,
It soothes my ear.

She speaks, as though awake the dead
To tell forbidden things
Of down below, or overhead,
Or ghostly wanderings,
Where feet of mortals never tread,
And while I hold the story's thread,
She says, and sings: —

I come — the wraith that haunts the vale,
 'Tis said from chimney-flue ;
I've laughed to hear the ghostly tale ;
 And be it false or true,
I bid you at my hearth-stone, hail !
I sing again my nightly wail,
 And all for you.

They say — here dwells a haunting woe ;
 They call me Chimney Ghost ; —
In very truth I come and go
 But twice a year at most ! —
And then I walk in dusky eve
To hide my face, but not deceive
 A dolt, or post.

I've longed for many a day and year
 To tell my shuddering tale,
How laughter once resounded here
 Where now sobs ruin's wail.
How, where you stand, beamed light and cheer —
A happy world without a tear —
 All bright and hale.

The master was a lord o' the land —
 And high on honor's roll ;
Like prince he lived in mansion grand,
 And gave no stinted dole ;

But with good fortune at command
He reached to all a welcoming hand
 With open soul.

A prince of Nature's royal blood
 With culture's polished mien,
He ruled the peaceful neighborhood,
 Was Discord's go-between.
His wife beside him queenly stood,
And daughter, bright, and pure, and good,
 And seventeen.

O! how they loved their only child!
 And you do not forget
How every one who knew her, smiled
 On little Margaret.
The Valley-Lily she was styled; —
All blooming, dancing, free, and wild,
 In sunshine set.

And many called her passing fair —
 Of that I should not speak,
But for the sting that poisons where
 Most women are most weak.
Of beauty's gloss she had her share
In form, and brow, and eye, and hair,
 And rosy cheek.

She won admirers — honest men,
Who followed her with sighs ;
Who never spoke with tongue or pen
Yet ever with their eyes.
They talked with her, and now and then
They walked with her in wood and glen,
'Neath starry skies.

You may have been such follower —
May now recall the scene ;
She had one ardent worshipper —
Yov know the *one* I mean ;
She could have loved him — he loved her —
I did not think your heart to stir —
So long 't has been.

But she was vain, and he was proud,
And themes arose to jar ;
And discontent with mutterings loud,
Joined forces near and far.
And thunder-toned, and lightning browed
Rolled up a direful tempest cloud ;
He rode to war.

And then a suitor came to woo,
Who drove his span from town ;
At first, whene'er he near her drew,
She choked her anger down.

She hated him ; yet thought of you
At war with her. Revenge was due ;
She ceased to frown.

And chidings warned her lovingly
Of false lights — golden-beamed ;
But one vow-pledged reality
Shone brighter than she'd dreamed ;
A palace home, a queen to be ;
A summer cottage by the sea
Bewildering gleamed.

She did not love — she did not hate ;
Of wounded pride she bled ;
He seemed so frank, of good estate —
A life of leisure led ;
A vengeful will controlled her fate,
She had no heart with him to mate,
Yet vowed to wed.

She disappeared one summer day,
But whither none could tell.
'Twas whispered : " Maggie's run away," —
All up and down the dell ;
And old and young, and grave and gay
With look of sadness seemed to say : —
" Poor Margaret fell."

The dashing span returned no more ;
Its ominous absence meant —
Such things had often been before —
Behind the span she went.
Against the sympathy in store
Her father closed and barred his door
In banishment.

He could not suffer Pity's dole
Like alms, though kindly given ;
His life had reached its bitter goal
By dire misfortune riven.
He burrowed darkly like the mole
Beneath the shadow on his soul,
To madness driven.

The mother ! Where may language find
Fit words to speak her woe ?
'Twas said, she wandered, — low in mind, —
The neighbors called it so —
To yon deep thicket, dark and blind
And gave her spirit to the wind
There moaning low.

Her corpse was by a woodman found
Upon the spring-brook side ;
And stains were yet upon the ground
Which drank the crimson tide ;

By other symptoms strewn around,
Her own hand made the ghastly wound
Of which she died.

And soon, one midnight's awful hour
A storm of horrors fell ; —
Around this tottering chimney-tower
A blaze lit up the dell.
The red cloud rained a fiery shower,
And where the master went, no power
On earth could tell.

I guess his fate. Entombed he calls
From out death's dismal cave ;
I know he fled the flaming halls
He vainly strove to save.
The thought my very soul appalls !
In yon well, 'neath the fallen walls, —
There is his grave.

On that dread night in terror's thrall
Stood Margaret at the door —
Stood there to hear her father call
To see him — nevermore.
She had returned to tell him all ;
Too late, — and he believed her fall —
The old tale o'er.

Her heart was famished for the food
Of love she'd cast away ;
Repentant at the door she stood
Forgiveness' boon to pray ; —
Ashamed of blot on face of good,
And from the fold of maidenhood
Not gone astray.

Twice lost — she darted from this place
Away — regardless where :
The blood-red tempest stained her face,
And lashed her streaming hair.
The maddened fire-fiend gave her chase,
Still on — she ran the dreadful race —
With gaunt despair.

And no one saw her come and go,
Or seeing no one knew ;
None heard how Pride became her foe
And how she triumphed too ; —
And how the war did round her throw
As army nurse, a cloak for woe —
None know but you.

She moves, — and how my heart beats fast ;
A white robe shimmers there ;
A sobbing something flutters past
With tread too firm for air.

Could fancy such a semblance cast
Of Maggie as I saw her last?
But riper fair.

The crescent hangs against the sky
In rift broad, blue and clear,
The figure casts its shadow nigh;
'Tis not a shape to fear; —
'Tis flesh and blood — can laugh and cry,
'Tis Margaret's self: — not gliding by;
I hold her here.

We meet again, — what each hoped most;
From stormy sea's alarm;
We land upon a shining coast,
Beyond the billows' harm.
With many future plans engrossed,
I, and the charming Chimney Ghost
Walk arm in arm.

The war is past, and peace is here
Rejoicing in its room;
And 'round the whole horizon clear
The sky is swept of gloom:
Our broken homes unite with cheer,
And gardens trodden, waste and sear,
Renew their bloom.



OUR BEST ROOM.

COME to our house in the country,
Out among the birds and bees,
Building nests, and honey gathering
In the early garden trees.

Peach and apple are in blossom,
And the lilacs laugh with bloom ;
Come to our house, and we'll open
To thy footstep our best room,

'Tis the only shadow 'round us
Never pierced by sunny ray —
Striking where the child is romping,
Casting gloom upon its play.
I have seen the roses cluster
On the blank and barren wall —
On the dead, unyielding shutter ;
Seen them bloom, and fade, and fall.

Never came a friendly visit,
With its greeting, stir, and din ;
All the summer long no strangers
Came to let the rose leaves in.

Come to our house in the country,
Drive away our shade of gloom ;
Wide we'll open to thy knocking
All the blinds of our best room.

Come, before the ripened harvest
Waves its flags of yellow gold ;
Come, and see the sowers' promise
Increase of an hundredfold,
While the fluttering corn-blades prattle
Of the gems their husks enclose,
And the stalks embrace each other,
Lapping arms across the rows.

Now the country waves a welcome,
Banners float in field and tree ;
Hidden minstrels vie in singing :—
“ Here is beauty — come and see ! ”
Come and see the vernal glory.
Come and feel the bliss of pride,
When the Sun, an ardent bridegroom,
Leads the blushing Earth, as bride.

Come and hear the choral anthems
Floating on the singing breeze ;
Where the grand old hills are organs
Growing pipes of singing trees.

Incense from the swinging censers
Sweetens every wind that blows —
Come and breathe the mingled odors
At the fountains of the rose.

Come ! Taste all the sweets of being
At the summer founts of rest ;
Come, and bathe in crystal beauty
Where the waters all are blest ;
Greet the rosy cheeks of morning
With a zest that never cloys ;
Dally on the couch of evening,
Dappled 'round with golden joys.

Here, within an Eden blooming,
Love was blest and children grew ;
Years and years the springs returning
Crowned themselves with blossoms new.
Years and years one shadow deepened
In the midst of sun and bloom,
'Till it seems — we dread to breathe it —
There's a ghost in our best room.

Work is tuned to merry marches ;
Hear its accents jocund ring
In the highway, field, and woodland,
Timed to measures of the spring.

Life is cast of earnest labor ;
If its metal's ring be true,
Give the bell the tongue of pastime,
Toning all we have to do.

Rosa's up and in the dairy,
Humming o'er her milking pail,
While her pan-and-kettle music
Tinkle through a misty veil.
In the foggy front of morning,
Every day — or foul, or fair —
In the evening twilight shadows —
Always cheery, she is there.

Anna's busy, neat and careful,
With a dash of playful art ;
Tidy graces sweep around her
While she gives the house her heart —
Baking, bare-armed, in the kitchen,
Then, with handy brush and broom,
Sweeping over flecks of sunshine —
Dusting 'round our spot of gloom.

Rosa has her pets and playthings —
Things that fortune frowns upon ;
Anna's pride, when work is over,
Bursts in beauty on the lawn.

You would never think them kindred —
Not when side by side they stand —
Rosa's brown from wind and weather !
Anna's fair, with dainty hand.

Yet they're sisters, sweet and loving,
Each in life's allotted part
Finds the motive of her being,
Rules the Empire of the Heart.
Each, dividing cares of household,
Stands confessed the house's head ;
Rosa stores the milk and butter,
Anna kneads the milk-white bread.

Both are loved, and both are lovely,
Modest daughters of the farm ;
One is plain and one is pretty —
Equal worth gives equal charm.
Anna loves the forms of beauty,
Even in her nut-brown loaves ;
Slighted things abused by others
Are the pets that Rosa loves,

All year 'round the nights and mornings
On these sisters set and rise,
'Mid the thousand cares that challenge
Patient hands and watchful eyes.

Midday brings their paths together,
Shows the contrast of their bloom,
Sitting, chatting, sewing, knitting —
Keeping guard on our best room.

Here are strangers! Open windows!
Every room must welcome make!
Light and air have raised the eyelids,
All the house is wide awake;
From the murky room come odors
Dank and musk and varnish blent;
Timid children peer around it,
Wondering where the darkness went.

Hark! The tall clock in its corner
Wakes and strikes with sudden start,
As the streams of air and sunshine
Pour around its shrunken heart.
Heir-loom of our generations,
Passing to the oldest boy;
We can hear its peals of laughter,
We can feel its throbbing joy.

Strangers! — friends and city people —
Gentle, easy and refined!
Out of town to spend the season,
Seeking sport and rest of mind.

They have come with shining presence,
Chased our shadows from the door,
Here at our house in the country —
Now we ask for nothing more.

All the day our home is making
Music of the gladsome heart;
In the merry concert ringing,
Children play their little part.
Early walks to sunrise hill-tops
Meet the glow of blushing day;
“Good night” sighs in twilight rambles,
Where the moonshine glints the way.

Bounties of a father's table
Are with lavish plenty spread: —
Rosa's prints of yellow butter!
Anna's loaves of matchless bread!
O'er the tea-urn beams our mother,
Radiant as a full-orbed star —
Fountain of a love that leads us
Where the world's best offerings are.

Rounds of pleasure speed the summer
On its flowery-margined way;
And the brightest banks of roses
Bloom for Anna's wedding day,

In the holy calm of rapture,
Lovely bride and happy groom
Join their hands for aye and ever—
Seal their vows in our best room.





THE WINDING ROAD IN THE WOOD.

COME by the winding road in the wood
Which girdles the mountain slope,
And follows the dashing, silver flood,
As life is guided by Hope.

It curves and rambles with wilful pride,
Where brightest the wild flowers blow ;
'Mong rocks and brambles on every side,
With th' green above and below.
Oh ! let us turn from the highway wide,
And follow the silver flood,
Where roses are lining on every side
The winding road in the wood.

The balmy morning is dripping through
The fringes of vine-clad trees,
And crystal drops of diamond dew
Perfume the wings of the breeze.
Moist with the breath of the waterfall,
We pause, and list to the din
Of the clattering mill, and the quiet call
To fare at the wayside inn.
So life may dawn on a shady slope,
In view of the silver flood,
And rest in the calm of a cherished hope,
By the winding road in the wood.

Despite the glare of the noontide ray,
Our path is pleasant and cool —
We picnic all in the heat of the day,
And lunch by the fountain pool.
The wood-sprites chatter and disappear
Within their mossy domain;
Birds hop around without tremor of fear,
And gather the crumbs that remain.
So, at the mid-day of life we repast
On memories happy and good,
And thoughts for the hungry world we cast
On the winding road in the wood.

Now daylight fades and evening descends —
And soon it will be dark night;
Our coming is cheered by welcoming friends
Whose dwellings appear in sight —
The city is near, serene and blest;
Above it, the red, round moon;
And lighted and guided we'll sink to rest
At the end of our journey soon.
We rest where no fiery passions goad
At the source of the silver flood;
How happy is life by the shady road —
The winding road in the wood.





TWICE A CHILD.

I HAD a song to sing at morning-tide
Of sweet young spring as first she came to me,
And we as lovers met with mutual glee ;
But as I grew, endearments multiplied,
And crowded song and many things beside,
Quite out of sight, and out of memory.

Life's fragments left, seem hardly worth a song,
And would not be, but for some younger men
Who dream and think and feel as I did then ;
Or in their passion-torrent sweeping strong,
May sometimes for their childish playthings long,
As I do now, — at Life's three score and ten.

And now I sing it ere the visions fly :
It may be with a feeble piping voice —
Here in the evening cool — away from noise ;
No matter if it make me laugh or cry
I still would sing my song before I die,
Among the shades of dim remembered joys.

I do not know just how it came to be,
But I remember mè — a child at play
In mellow sunshine — that was yesterday ;
And then there came a blank — a syncope,
And all the sense of life died out of me,
And Thought grew dark, and Memory lost its way.

So many tuneful voices came with spring,
That filled my heart with rhapsodies of song ;
I listened often, and I pondered long,
And sometimes did I even try to sing
But could not give my fancies soaring wing,
To hold their courses regular and strong.

I nursed a voiceless poem in my heart
Which beat and swelled with tide of impulse high,
Yet yielded nothing for the ear or eye,
And little solace for life's toiling part,
Except the thought that shot like golden dart
To sing my song of spring before I die.

Something has happened ; what, I can not tell ;
There must have been a painful period long ;
I had a fever and my head was wrong,
And then methought I heard a dreadful knell !
It seemed I died, yet here alive and well,
I'm singing now my childhood's cheery song.

I have it: Something whispered I was old.
It was a false voice sent to torture me;
For I am merry and from sorrow free,
And still the bursting blooms of Spring behold
Through sunshine's melting spray of yellow
gold, —
And all is blissful as it used to be.

The other children like me, and we run
With wayward feet all o'er a flowery land;
But one of them forever holds my hand,
And leads me to the spots of brightest sun,
And there we have the rarest freaks of fun;
But why I'm led I scarcely understand.

I know: My mother told me how it fell.
I have been ill — too ill to know or speak,
And in the fields the breath of health I seek.
'Twas then I thought I heard that dreadful knell
But now I feel myself completely well
And only, maybe, just a little weak.

The breath of spring days rank with flowers and
grass
Will bring me through and give me strength again;
It was a dream, that I had walked with men
Among a selfish, hardened, wrangling mass
Where I was roughly handled, crushed. Alas!
Three score? I'm only lately turned of ten.

And here I am with romping girls and boys,
Enjoying all their thoughts and moods and play,
And laughing merry as the bird-song day :

We have our little griefs ; but boundless joys,
A feast of childishness that never cloy ;
This old brown pipe I picked up by the way.

Now let me smoke it for the day is done ;
Where did I learn to smoke ? No matter where ;
I like the fumes, nor further know, nor care,
The cloud will vanish in to-morrow's sun,
When noisy play-time calls us, every one,
And with rejoicing fills the joyful air.

I seem to think the things I've thought before,
And speak the old words too, from day to day ;
As though they had been said, and laid away ;
I fear I sing the same song o'er and o'er
And then the music marches slower, and slower,
And words drop in I did not mean to say.

My clothes are all so loose I have to laugh
At such a botch : I wonder who's to blame ?
And nothing seems to fit me but my name.

This cane ! How comes it that I need a staff !
'Tis just as useless as an epitaph
To living man, and very much the same.

The other day I heard my darling Rose
Say to a playmate: "Grandpa's such a child ;"
And then I looked the other way and smiled ;
Of course I am as everybody knows ;
But why tell of it so mysterious, *close*,
As if I were not right or reconciled ?

Sweet Rose ! That name when e'er I hear it spoke,
Of still another Rose it seems to tell ;
And then I hear again that dreadful knell
Ring through my life with slow and muffled stroke
To call me back where once my heart was broke,
O ! would I could forget that tolling bell.

Why does it murmur with a mournful tongue,
Afar and hidden in the midway gloom
And strike the ghostly watches of the tomb
For me alone, — while I am yet so young,
And with my maiden song of Spring unsung,
Which should be full of life and joy and bloom ?

And when it sounds I smell the fresh-turned
mould,
With grasses mingled, and with wild thyme trod ;
And then I feel the shock of falling clod
Whose rattle makes my very blood run cold ;
I've seen that place before, and young or old,
I know the walled field, and uneven sod.

Should I be old and childish? Be it so;
'Tis no misfortune, nor disgrace I ween;
Two childhoods, with no middle life between?
I'm not so childish but I right well know
The time of day, night-fall, and morning's glow,
And drifts of snow, and budding springtime's green.

It must be so; it is, now dawns the light,
Beneath the cloud it shoots with level ray;
But 'tis the evening sun — reversing day,
And shows my scattered hair all silver white
Like star beams falling o'er the brow of night;
And I am shrunken, weak, and old and gray.

Sweet Rose, come here! did'st thou live long ago
In some place where I lost myself with thee;
And where we followed a sweet melody
Until it breathed so far away and low
It seemed into another life to flow?
And here it comes again for Rose and me!

This is the fragrant harvest-time of heart,
When all the years their treasured sweets enclose
And love is garnered 'neath the winter's snows,
And fortune's hurt, and sorrow's stinging smart
That come to all, have played their painful part;
The thorn haunts not the essence of the rose.

Don't think me foolish, child ; I have my fears
That things are not the *very* things they seem ;
And that I'm waking from a troubled dream —
The lingering nightmare of my working years ;
There's nothing in it calling for thy tears,
But tell me, laughing, with thy blue eyes' beam ;

Nay, do not speak ; *look*, what I'd have thee tell ;
I feel the truth thy prattle would disclose :
My path of life the full round circuit shows,
The childhood's meet, embrace, and all is well.
I hear the toning of that blissful bell,
For her and me. Thy grandmother is *my* Rose.





OCCASIONAL.

THE GIANTS.

PRESS ASSOCIATION POEM.

DIM legends tell of giants fierce and bold —
The scourge of men in warlike days of old ;
In stature monsters, terrible and grim,
Whose vaunted power was massive strength
of limb.

One so created in the mould of wrath
Strode forth to battle for the hosts of Gath.
Like other monster-growths, they passed away,
And left their impress deep in plastic clay.

Creative forces — formless, undefined —
Enfold the deep mysterious germs of mind.
The world is ever building — never done,
With every change creation's work goes on ;
And giants build it — from the central fires
Up to the highest peaks of mountain spires ; —
Giants of earth and fire, and sea, and air,
Below, around, above and everywhere.

'Tis told in story's page, and voiced in song
How other giants helped the world along —
The stately beacon-towers of humankind
That bore the first immortal sparks of mind.
They rose above the all-surrounding night
And flashed the earliest gleam of morning light
Ere full-plumed day with lustrous breezy wings
Had brushed the darkness from the face of things.
These columns stand adown the misty steep,
Where deed-embalmed the mummied ages sleep.
They fill each living epoch's wondering sight,
For still they flash the early morning light.
We climb the steep; these beacons point the way
Ascending towards the crystal dome of Day.
Inspired by hopes, 'mid clouds of doubts and
fears,

We mount the tottering stairway of the years;
System succeeds to system — clod to clod —
Building rude earthworks to the heights of God.

Within a temple pillared mountain high,
With bed rock floor, and roof of arching sky,
Where science makes all nature's empire hers,
And Physics trains her young philosophers,
A virgin queen exalts a royal seat,
With ardent wooers thronging at her feet.
Her robe is plain; one solitary gem
Lights up the crescent of her diadem.

Her purpose pure is pledged by vestal vow,
And Truth's auroras dawn upon her brow.
Her thoughts are out upon that solemn sea
Which glistens star-gemmed to Infinity.
Intent she bends her telescopic eyes
As questioning some new marvel in the skies.
Her voice proclaims the triumph of her sight,
And shouts: "Another star has come to light!"
Rapt millions catch her words, and near and far
All hail with joy the advent of a star.
Not all — shut up in self with folded hands,
The universal croaker sneering stands.
His wisdom brooding emulates the owl,
And thus he hoots displeasure with a scowl:
"A fresh arrival from yon boundless sea;
Another sail from dim infinity!
A new-born star has floated in your ken:
A spark supernal! What is that to men?
A little glow worm is of vaster worth,
For it, at least, is useful to the earth!
Your star, with me, no spark of favor finds;
The light you boast of is the light that blinds!
While searching out some far and barren sphere,
You overlook earth's riches that are near.
We have examples of the good you've done:
Some ugly spots you found upon the sun:
You have dispelled the magic of the bow
That casts athwart the storm its peaceful glow;

Deluged the flood with explanations dark ;
Destroyed the grand old safety of the ark ;
Uprooted Eden ; given its bridal bower
To charms more subtle than the serpent's power ;
Created an obscure creation, when
Brisk monkeys were the ancestors of men.
And crowning bad, with sacrilege still worse
You've made a plaything of the Universe.
Tell me, vain Dreamer, since your reign began,
What real blessing have you brought to man ? ”

The queenly Presence, stern and dignified,
Surveyed the vastness of her realm with pride.
And then she spoke : “ The world is getting old,
But not like men whose sickly hearts grow cold :
Change is her law — a mournful change of late
Is that her men are not by far so great.
Observe her progeny when she was young,
'Twas lusty soil from which those giants sprung.
Each towering form would make — 'tis no great
praise —

A hundred little men of modern days.
They fought for life unaided, and they won
With Nature's armor buckled loosely on ;
They had no need of battlements and swords ;
Their arms were truth, and wisely spoken words,
They live — immortal by their sovereign might,
Forever crowned with wreaths of morning light !

And ye — the magnates of a later day —
With all their light see not so far as they !
By them upraised Hope nerves you to aspire,
And build your systems higher, and still higher ;
And this lone virtue called me to your aid
To guide the progress that the world has made.

“ I came to build amid the ruin wrought
By Superstition — cowering fiend of thought ;
That ogre of the night with croaking mind,
And owly vision — to the noonday blind.
Since man had fall'n from that high mental sphere
Where rose his young perception wide and clear,
I'd court for him what outward wealth supplies —
Such aid as glasses give to aged eyes.
The greatest monarchs to my feet I'd bring,
And who so powerful as the Iron King ?
Related to our race by ties of blood,
He wears the attributes of humanhood
To sympathize with wants, and cares and pains
Through his own atoms coursing in our veins.
What mission-labor could my thoughts engage
To yield such glory as an Iron Age ?
For in its coming, man his strength regains,
A physical and moral savior reigns.
Lamenting deeply your degenerate birth,
I sought for champions in the air and earth,
That might compensate for the loss you bear

By ages dark, would they their bounty share.
Could I but conquer these, the deed would be
A crown of joy, and lasting victory !
A race of giants born amid the strife
Of lawless atoms wakening into life !
They walked abroad when nothing seemed to be
But sea and sun — the blazing sun, and sea.
The circling orb impregn'd the idle stream
With fruitful dalliance of his living beam.
Dark, wavy slime, snail-like began to creep,
Then monster reptiles plough'd along the deep,
Dread sounds ne'er heard by man awoke in forms,
That perished battling with primeval storms —
Commingle'd thunders, hisses, wails and groans
Which antedate the age of Mastodons.
Mixed land and water surged, and parted wide,
Till lofty summits nodded o'er the tide,
And happy valleys teemed with roving herds,
And tameless beasts, and choirs of singing birds.
'Twas thus the first organic life began,
Which found at last its perfect type in man.
In after times the eldest Mother Earth
Through peril passed the mighty throes of birth.
The sea made hostile effort to regain
The right of empire o'er his old domain.
The land 'mid battlements of mountains stood :
A world was in the ruin of the Flood.
Then spoke those giants whose bright words adorn

The dawning page of Mankind's second morn.
Then came deep darkness, thick, portentous gloom,
And all the world was shrouded for the tomb.
Could I endure a withering, green decay?
Could I behold young glory fade away?
I digged as one who digs for shining dross
To patch his fortunes, worn by worldly loss;
I soared as souls might soar to realms of day,
From blight and darkness in the prisoned clay;
No nook or corner of the visual round,
But I was there, and vagrant forces found;
Yet how to link them to the human car
Was quite as puzzling as to reach a star.
I journeyed o'er the desert reach between
The things that are, and things that once had been.
I stood upon the shores of farthest seas
Where naught disturbed the tracks of centuries.
I saw the giants' footprints in the rocks —
Heard their deep thundering — and felt the shocks.
Then terror reigned; and people hurrying fled
From roofs and timbers crumbling overhead,
To brave the threatening chasm underneath,
Where every step disclosed a yawning death.
Sheer in the gulf I plunged with mad desire
To sound the sea of subterranean fire.
The lurid blaze revealed gigantic forms
With sooty features, and great brawny arms;
They wrought in metals hissing in the flume,

And sparkling fitful twilight though the gloom.
The sulphurous fumes, by roaring bellows whirled
Though mountain chimneys, terrify the world.
In darkened corners sounding anvils rang,
And hammers fell with measured clink, clank,
 clang.

They forged the wares Vulcanic skill invents,
And moulded ribs and bones of continents.
Far o'er the level, answering blasts of flame,
The quickening surge of shadowy pistons came;
Huge coaches rushed before the lagging gales
Across a monster spider's web of rails;
Long, rumbling trains, with deafening crash, sped
 nigher,
Like hissing serpents armed with fangs of fire.
Then 'neath the mountains dashed with thundering
 sweep

Through grinning gateways to the darker deep.
Aloft in murky air, from fields of smoke,
At intervals the vivid lightnings spoke.
Without an oar, or sail-propelling breeze,
Great iron barges plough the fiery seas;
Their dripping cargoes unseen power obey,
Till landed in the deep hills far away.
Returning, on the tide's subsiding swell,
They caught some sinking islands as they fell:
And all the while the jolly bargemen sang
In chorus to the anvil's clink, clank, clang,

Could timid men these stubborn powers o'erwhelm —
These rugged moulders of the Iron Realm?
Before the dauntless Iron King I stood,
Resolved to praise his honest hardihood.
The softest words the deepest feelings reach,
And thus I plied the old king with my speech!
'O sturdy monarch of this wide domain,
Hard featured, yet of purest royal strain,
I come to save a labor-struggling race,
And look upon their benefactor's face.
I care not for the shine of sordid gold,
Whose shallow favors all are bought and sold —
A peddling vagabond with empty pack
Who tramps around the same hard beaten track.
Give me old Iron Honesty and worth,
And I will garner all the fruits of Earth.'
The Iron King exultingly replied:
'My realm is yours and countless wealth beside;
All that I have I give — the unpolished ore
And smelting fire-pools, in exhaustless store,
To win my artisans, you first must catch,
And having caught them find the man to match.
They've served me well, and with me they remain
Till you can lead them with an iron chain;
Else they would hide, and sport in sea and air,
And ramble here and there and everywhere.'
I sought the upper world with solemn vow
To sound the secrets of the deep; but how?

I first awoke deep passion for my cause.
To read and comprehend eternal laws.
I studied men, the soul's abode to scan
And light the inmost dwelling of the man.
Great nature in her grandest moods and scenes
Works wonders by the simplest modes and means.
A great truth, homeless, ever seeks and finds
Fond recognition in the plainest minds.
One wastes a life pursuing shadows fleet
To find a treasure lying at his feet;
The open, artless man of truth in quest
Proves by results that nearest things are best;
To great work great simplicity he brings,
He waves his wand, and forth a giant springs.
A touch of flame — that spirit fibre bright
That made the candle — must be there to light.

"A vessel sails beyond the guardian coast,
And sorrowing friends mourn all her seamen lost
Around, above them, nothing seems to be
But sea and sun — the circling sun and sea.
The sun by day; by night a friendly star
Directs their course, and guides them from afar.
That vessel has a Giant at the helm —
The trusty Magnet of the Iron-realm.

"An apple falls — 'tis worthless, and may rot,
Yet gives the world a live, majestic thought —

The bell-tongue struck clear metal of the mind
And ringing thoughts went out to all mankind.

“A storm is marching up with banners high,
And trooping clouds are rattling in the sky;
An old man flies a fragile, feathery kite;
His key suspended drops a spark of light.
Most noble thought, and strangely potent key
To ope the bolted door of mystery;
A message from the skies the plaything brought;
The cloud-throned Giant Lightning has been caught.

A sailless ship stands proudly on the wave,
Nor wanders lost when winds and waters rave;
But, driving onward, keeps her destined way.
Behind her mingle cloud and seething spray.
A magic movement urged by subtle power,
With iron harnessed to the day and hour
Ever and everywhere at man's command,
His course resistless conquers sea and land.
In empires' march he leaves no living foes,
Sprinkling the earth with cities as he goes
To win of Progress' self the brightest crown;
O'erturning hills and digging mountains down.
Sowing his path with bountiful increase,
And training nations in the arts of peace.
Vapor — pure essence of the wave and beam —
Another giant thou — all-conquering Steam!

A fleeter step is yet upon the sea
Than Ariel or wing-footed Mercury.
Beneath the billows' stormy roll and rack,
Secure it speeds along its winding track.
The plunging diver swims the ocean now,
The lightning's halo misty round his brow —
Not so of old he made his prowess known
When wheeled by tempests on a cloud-girt throne —
He whispers instant words from shore to shore,
And continents embrace forever more.

“ The Thunderer is subdued, who ruled alone
And hurled his mandates from Olympus' throne.
The Greeks succumb ; and while their Argus nods,
We sack the temples of their chosen gods.
Oh foreign to their mythologic plan
That Jove should fall — an errand boy to man !
All hail ! electric, universal spark,
Thou torch of daylight in our being's dark ;
Pervading all things with transcendent might,
Pure type of the eternal essence — Light !

“ Review my record to the present ; know
My triumphs are the surer that they're slow.
The systems are my studies — worlds my prize ;
My telescopes are only giant eyes.
Unnumbered volumes open to your sight
Tell how each starry orb has come to light.

My empire comprehends both star and clod;
I show you nature from the hand of God."

So Science spoke. Her court approval bow,
And all salute the truth-illuminated brow.
From every quarter come the tidings glad,
Mankind is saved; the world is iron-clad.
The Iron Realm was not a hope deferred —
The Iron King has nobly kept his word.
All round as erst the giant's anvils rang,
Now hear the hammer's music, clink, clank, clang.
Arabian tales — wild fancies dreamed of old —
Were innocent of lurking truths they told.
To Haroun, spell-bound on his Orient throne,
The alphabet of wonder was unknown.
Aladdin's magic story's marvellous dower
Stands shamed before a mightier wizard's power.
A hammer strikes! The Genii catch the sound,
And ringing echoes girdle earth around;
The Western Magi sacred charms employ,
And tuneful belfries sing their psalms of joy.

Great day to grace the records of renown,
That crowned our progress with an iron crown.
The prize is won; our happiest fortune smiles;
Our path is open to the Indian isles.
The triumph latest, greatest, grandest, best,
Performed the nuptials of the East and West.

What have we gained? What prestige have we more
Than worlds of people that have gone before?
'Twere worthless riches won with years of cost,
If in a day the treasure might be lost.
Our progress still this confidence imparts —
In losing, we shall mourn no more lost arts.
Among our conquests, be they great or small,
The Art Preservative o'ertops them all.





FIELD AND WORK.

PRESS ASSOCIATION ADDRESS.

LET us look a little over the field and inspect some of the work done, in view of the best economy and possible improvement in what is still to do.

The field — wide as the world — lies open before all eyes; yet there are people who spend their lives and energies hunting for it, and never find it. The work is everywhere, bearing the impress of human toil and pain, teaching its lessons of development and progress by history and monumental piles, yet there are earnest students who never understand it. They feel that they are capable of something; they desire to act some part; they see plenty of room; they dream of possibilities, yet they never resolve where to go, or what to do. They fail to find the field that lies spread before them, and they can not participate in work which they do not comprehend. They are so many barren lives.

In treating our theme — wide as it is — we can only hope to drop a few scattered hints and suggestions for those who would be productive toilers if they could, and save, if possible, some of the human

waste, the evidences of which we see around us every day.

When we contemplate the diversity of thought-systems, and the variety of civilizations they have built, it is no great marvel that even trained minds are often confused and bewildered in regard to the special work for which they are best fitted by nature and education. They feel an undefined desire to go somewhere, and power to do something, but are puzzled as to the where and what? School culture has given them at best only the alphabet of education — the key to open the door of a career. It is still a question whether they ever learn to read life, or find the way of their true future and best fortune.

In the multiplicity and confusion of aims and efforts, motives and methods, systems and opinions, doctrines and dogmas, creeds and beliefs, fretting and foaming like a whirlpool, they may be dashed into the right channel by accident, or they may drift far away from hope.

A few exceptionally strong natures battle with the surging tides and force their way to an objective point as directly as the needle seeks the magnetic pole. They are polarized with the aspirations and activity of the people from whom they spring and become the instruments of the general thought and purpose. They are the inventors, the discoverers, the philosophers, the poets, the workers — in a word, which comprehends all endeavor and achievement — they are the world-builders.

The various great civilizations which girdle the globe have carved their lines, engraved their features,

and set their types upon the solid earth, from which, if there were no other records, it would be possible to print their several histories. They are so positively distinct in feature, language and character that it is evident upon their faces each developed itself independently.

The best example of independent race development that can be given we find at home in a branch of the Aryan race—our own—and a type of the Semitic—the Hebrew—living side by side and natural aliens. Origin indelibly stamps the Jewish clay, and there is no root relationship whatever between the Hebrew and any Aryan tongue. The Jew is adamant, or he would have been long ago crushed and ground to powder between the upper and the nether millstones of action and immovability. He is primitive rock eternal beneath the strata of ages.

The Hebrews gave Christendom its religion, which must not be confounded with civilization. The mass of our culture, and the general character of all Indo-Germanic civilization, descended to us from the Aryans through the channel of Greece and Rome. The literature and art of Athens and Rome are our own race products and treasures, while we drew none of our æsthetic culture from Jerusalem. Neither our civilization nor refinement is higher at this age than that of Greece two thousand years ago, which owed nothing to a then unborn religion of Semitic origin. The Hebrew language, an alien, has had no effect whatever upon any of the Indo-Germanic family of tongues, and a religion descended from the Jews has barely marked or modified a civilization descended

from the Aryans. Each race preserves its own physical, mental and moral features, and does its own world's work.

Whether or not the several races of men came from a common stock, they are widely separated now, as if each great continent and the outlying islands had been man-producing, certainly as they were plant-producing. The general result, as we behold it in the peopled belt of the world, is not affected by the question whether the human kind, and every other animal after his kind, sprang from one pair or many sources—wherever the natural conditions stimulated their production.

One race of men taken as a whole has no family fraternity or human sympathy with another and the lesson of history is that, when the necessity arises or occasion comes, the stronger race always hunts down and finally exterminates the weaker. Take, for example, the former Indian owners of this wide land. What has become of them and their domain?

Our civilization killed the savage simply because it had use for his home. It was necessary that a New World should be discovered and opened as a refuge for the teeming populations and the oppressed classes of the Old, and our structure of civil and religious liberty was founded in blood of human sacrifices and cost the life of a whole race of men.

The few descendants of the patriarchal Powhatans that remain are penned up in the sunset wilds, in process of slow but sure extinction. And in deference to a certain compunctious sentimentality this lingering death to which the last Indian is irrevocably

doomed is called humanitarian policy. It is needless to instance other conflicts of the stronger with the weaker races, as the fate of the aboriginal American brings the subject and proof directly home.

Yet our own boasted enlightenment, which has replaced one form of barbarism and savagery, has bred and reared as a natural product more cannibals than ever swarmed in the terrible islands of the South Sea.

The rich and powerful financial juggler sits in his enchanted chair and manipulates stocks with marvelous sleight-of-hand, disclosing exhaustless golden treasure. Charmed by the treacherous glitter the beholder is caught. It is a short battle of spider and fly, and the cannibalistic Mammon feeds. The destitution, misery and death that follow are laid to the charge of other causes, but the South Sea Islander of good society has had his human feast.

Even merchants of great respectability and high standing are not averse to "getting up corners" on honest produce, coaxing their friends in and "squeezing them out," as it is called in commercial parlance. But they swallow them as easily and innocently as they would an oyster. A fish that devours its kind may get enough of it, but the appetite of the human shark is never sated. There are laws against petty gambling and small swindling schemes, but what law can ever reach the princely speculator, who plays his own cards to win, when commercial courtesy calls it a legitimate game?

So the strong, both as nations and individuals, prey upon the weak — Jew and Gentile, Christian and pa-

gan, civilized and savage—the whole world over. The methods simply vary according to the different constitutions and appetites of the people. Might is made right in fact and effect, if not so held in theory.

Mankind are but men—no matter how much, or how little civilization they have taken on, or what the character of the culture. No matter how smooth and fair the outside may be, the savage lurks under a very thin crust of veneer and shine of varnish, and is quickly reached and roused when pierced by provocation. Thus crude human nature sticks to the most modern improvements in humanity, and if anybody doubts it let him look into himself and see.

Even the judiciary—the highest expression of civil enlightenment, and, in theory, exempt from the warp of passion, prejudice or interest—has in many lands laid itself open to suspicion upon great questions involving possessions, aggrandizement and power. There is an old reproach that every man has his price, and abundant past experience has gone to prove it true.

It may not be always in coin or emolument, but there is some way to that weakness which, when touched and wakened, is uncontrollable strength and asserts the supremacy of human nature in human affairs. Judges can not be debarred from having human passions, holding political opinions, and belonging to party; yet the office which weighs evidence and administers law should be held forever free from the taint of party and color of partisanship. But judges make history, and when parties and condi-

tions have passed away their record stands for the criticism and judgment of the future.

We have been speaking of a human nature as fundamental and paramount, above moral and intellectual culture and all the cultivated sentiments, when brought to bay and driven to the test, and this brings us to the consideration of the natural man as ever the predominant element in the human being. Let us look the facts squarely in the face and judge things simply as we see and know them.

Man deserves more credit than he has ever got, or is ever likely to get, for what he has made of himself from the raw material. In his mighty work of improvement which has not merely remodelled and replenished, but re-created the earth, he is saddled with, and patiently bears, all the blame of wickedness and evil, and receives no credit for good. The model balance-sheet of life, as held up before him from infancy, does not look like a fair estimate and account. He is nothing, he can know nothing, he can do nothing. Life is nothing; yet he is charged with duties and burdened with debts which he can not pay, and then a balance is struck with the unknown quantity of a hereafter. It is a most pathetic page — that balance-sheet of life — all ciphers, except the great debt, and how far man has been responsible for this one-sided computation of accounts against himself can never be known.

The accident of clothes and the physical results of their unnatural condition; the faculty of speech — not the gift of language, which is as clearly a human invention as a steam engine; the capacity to transmit

knowledge, and the power of self-improvement, doubtlessly caused him to make a wide distinction between himself and other orders of the animal kingdom. He tried to cut himself loose from the harmonious system of animated nature, ignored or destroyed, as the stronger rival annihilates the weaker, his nearest brute conditions or relations, if you will, and the "missing link" is hard to find.

After having done so much and isolated his type unconsciously, came the very natural desire to account for himself, fathom his origin and solve the problem of his destiny. The mute inquiry of the Egyptian Sphinx is the riddle of the world — still unanswered — while the enigmatical appealing face looks over desert sands and thunders stony silence down the centuries. What are termed the inspired writings deal with this problem, but there are many "holy books" of antiquity widely differing in matter and statement, each one of which satisfies only small fractions of mankind with its solution.

Among them are the Buddha gospels of Sakamuni, the Moral Philosophy of Confucius, the Vedas of the Indian Brahma, the Zend Avesta of the Fire Worshipers, the Laws of Moses, the historical and devotional epics of the Hebrew Prophets, the Songs of David, the Wisdom of Solomon, the words of Jesus, the epistles of Paul and the Koran of Mahomet. These furnish the ground-work for a multitude of moral codes and religions, and are the special heritage of theology. They gave rise to various systems of human worship of superior beings and symbols

of power conceived to be above, before and after the world.

Theology has its formulated dogmas, principles and creeds, colleges, students and professors; is taught like a science and held up as eternal truth. It embraces and promulgates the doctrines of the spiritual and supernatural. Its field is the unseen. Many regard it as the unknown — beyond the bounds of space and time. Its work is not of the world and its product, the revealed religion of one people or sect, is rank superstition to another; theology or mythology according to creed.

Physical science digs in the earth for its treasures of truth and explores the heavens for the key to unlock the mysteries of infinitude. It reads the records on the rocks, resurrects buried worlds, breathes the warmth of life into prehistoric bones, and soars to the sun for light on the problem of the evolution, magnitude, composition and constitution of the systems.

Thus physical science has dragged out of the earth and drawn from the stars masses of facts upon which it has built its theories of the age, beginning and development of things. It is found that theology and geology, for instance, do not agree either upon facts or deductions, and their ancient variance has especially stimulated the best mental efforts of this wonderfully working and coldly critical age.

The conflict between physical science and spiritual theology is the absorbing business and theme of thought and persistent topic of our time, and most of us have taken sides. The antagonism is often

styled Science vs. Religion, which is not a correct statement of the contest, because man is a worshipping animal, and all men have a religion.

The religious sentiment is universal, and man must worship something. If he has no revelation of a God, he makes one of gold or brass, or stone, or wood, or himself. The professors of theology and geology are free to settle their incongruities and differences among themselves. They are equally able to sift and take care of truth, and that is what both sets of professors profess to desire, and we of the secular press have only to record the results as they come. The great controversy in one shape and another is already a four or five thousand years' war, has slain its millions upon millions of men, and the probability is we shall not see the covenant of peace on earth signed and sealed. Meanwhile the mingled shouts of the devotee, the wails of woe and the shrieks of torture fly upward as sparks and smoke from beneath the wheels of Juggernaut as they roll and rumble round all the world.

These mysteries of cause and consequence and human responsibility to supernal power, while they chiefly involve matters not of this world, have wielded more influence in the affairs of man than all the demonstrated facts with which humanity has had to deal. If man believes in gods above him, he is sure to frame laws above him, that is, laws which are superior to the moral sense of the people they are meant to govern. Such laws, though made by representatives, are not representative. They are therefore inoperative shams of a moral standard that

does not exist. They were enacted in fear, and from a superficial sentiment of duty—a yoke which has made a large portion of mankind voluntary slaves.

All acts ought to be works of love, warm with heart devotion, and then duty would have nothing to do. The language of the highest culture that it may be possible to build would have no use for the word duty in its vocabulary. All its work would be done for love, because the workers could not help the doing of it. Duty in such a state of society would appear like a cripple hobbling along at the tail of a vast procession begging alms. The moralists sometimes begin at the wrong end of the lesson to teach.

We owe no duty of thanks for the good things that grow for us to eat. Human food was before the human race, and without it in its natural shape the type would have been impossible. It is physically responsible for the human being and must take care of him. He grows up by it and it builds his body what it is. Rivers are not made to run past cities for the benefits of necessary commerce. The city was founded because the river was there ready running, and the water power aided its growth. But the masses of men have bowed their necks to a few tyrants, and the tyrants are inexorable in enforcing a moral obligation of duty, which makes every conscientious man a coward—afraid his neighbor will discover that he is not good as he pretends to be.

This is the situation that the sentiment of duty, with no quality or impulse of love in it, has forced upon society. Let any man examine his own moral

condition and his relations to a circle of friends, under the laws made to govern him, and he will be satisfied of the fact. Make Duty the loyal handmaid of Love, and not the imperious, exacting master, and all will be well.

By examination of what are called "holy books" of all the races it will be found that, at least so far as this earth is concerned, they reveal nothing beyond the bounds of the human knowledge of the times that gave them birth, or above the intelligence and enlightenment of the people. They are the crystallized wisdom of the mental and moral systems whence they sprang.

Man has had to fight his way up the craggy steps of Time and make his points and stages of progress by hard knocks. He has waged a constant warfare with the savage within himself, and the barbarian often got the better of him. He has built, torn down, and rebuilt systems innumerable. He has demolished gods and demons of his own imagination that intercepted every step of his onward course. In his ignorance he has slain his own prophets. He has been driven back to new beginnings. His accepted deities armed with conservative traditions and guarded by sacred battalions have ever opposed his progress, and against all these barriers, disadvantages and disasters he has gone on conquering and to conquer the legions and domains of savage nature. "Inspired writings" never taught him how to build a house, sail a ship, or make a telescope. They treat of higher and unseen things, and solely promote spiritual elevation—set above the plane of the mere

mental and moral, which latter have to do chiefly with physical facts.

Now all that man positively knows of himself is that he is a physical fact. All his progress has been iconoclastic. Whenever he has diverged from the beaten track of his times he has found a god, or the representative of a god, in the way to forbid his advance, and the course of Reason's empire is thickly strewn with broken idols. After they are demolished and passed we look back with sympathetic pity on so many once regarded and respected deities dethroned and shattered. Their lingering, mourning worshippers have at least won the glory of persecuting to death the philosophers and reformers who pointed out the new ways and the new life to the world. They lived and died for men; their graves are on their battle-fields and their creations are their monuments. The truths they discovered and for which they suffered are adopted and taught in the schools that condemned them as heretical, and this records their everlasting triumph.

To us now the hovering gods of Olympus, directing the battles of the ancient Greeks, and the pious praying a threatening comet out of modern Europe are all the same. The Greeks won their victories and transmitted the benefits, and the comet disappeared without fiery collision with Christendom.

All men are believers in the efficacy of prayer of some kind and in some way. There is at least one form of prayer in which all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues can join — work, — the work of world-building, the work of charity and brother-

hood, the work of man for man. This universal prayer of the human race, notwithstanding all the impediments in its utterance, has been abundantly answered.

The electric telegraph is the answer of the prayer for speed; the steam engine is the answer of the prayer for power; our great republic is the answer of the prayer for freedom; the printing press and free school are answers to solemn prayers for light and universal education. Work is prayer — work of hands, brains, and heart; work for love of work, and not simply to supply the necessities of life; the ants and the beavers and the bees do as much.

What shall *we* do? First, cultivate the general principle of individual human responsibility and elevate man to a truer estimate of himself, his work and his mission on earth. The human mind is microscopic rather than telescopic.

More positive and exact knowledge, and more practical discoveries have been gained under the microscope than through the telescope. The microscope is a dissector and an analyzer. The telescope is in some sense a speculator and dreamer.

The former essentially belongs to earth, the latter to the illimitable, unfathomable and incomprehensible heavens. The discovery of the law of gravitation was microscopic in its nature, and will serve to illustrate the general principle. The discoverer was looking down, then, not up, and the instrument is said to have been so common a thing as an apple. With our mortal eyes we never find a jewel except by looking at the earth and things earthy. To feel

our way safely in the dark we naturally grasp what is nearest to us, and so strive to reach the light. That method is the way to all discoveries, and the rule of successful lives.

Many people despise familiar things as small or common, forgetting that it is only through intelligent observation and attention to little things that great works are done. They look up and far away where there is no landing-place for the eye — lost in cloud-lands — and neglect things near at hand, and possible treasures at their feet. They wait for the inspiration of genius, which never comes, for genius itself is a worker, and produces nothing except by toil and suffering. Every birth involves agony.

Let the young seize opportunity at once, wherever there is a vacant place to lay hold of honest work, and soon a career will seize them and labor will be transfigured into interest and crowned by achievement. The true starting point is not what one had best do, but what one can do best.

A man knows whether he can write a good hand; whether he is quick at figures; whether he has the knack of mechanism, or the feeling of art, or whether he has wealth of ideas and a flow of language to make a torrent of eloquence. A little thought in this direction at the beginning might save many a life-mistake and greatly reduce if not entirely prevent what we have termed human waste. Two stumbling-blocks are often fatal at the very start — shame of confessing ignorance by asking information, and throwing away one's own talents and power to be somebody by misusing them to develop

one's self into somebody else. Thus a burden of ignorance is taken up for life, and men are not themselves. People, good for something, get into the wrong places, and are good for nothing. They do no part of the world's work.

Journalism is well acquainted with these good people in the wrong places, for it is the province of the Argus-eyed press to note incompetency and other public abuses wherever they appear, while it has also its own burdens of this character to bear.

To get into the other professions, some sort of special schooling and training, and a proof of fitness are prerequisite; but it seems every one thinks that he is a born journalist, and can write for the papers. He fails as a lawyer, or a doctor, or a clergyman, or in any other profession or calling, and, as a forlorn hope, it occurs to him that he must be a newspaper man.

The peculiar institutions and rapid development of this country have made it possible for a great many people to get into the wrong places, but experiments—both successes and failures—have made equally valuable discoveries.

In the Old World men are born and bred in the stations and professions of their fathers, and it is very difficult for them to get cut out of the ancestral grooves. In the New they may rise from the slums to the highest places, which possibility offers a standing premium for men to do their best.

Time was when man carved his records on stone and built towers for the preservation of the knowledge he had gained and the civilization he had

wrought. The writing was rubbed out, and the towers crumbled and fell.

When books came, the accumulated knowledge was stored in one great library, and the torch that fired it burned the world, which was long crawling out of its own ashes, and suffered loss irreparable. The printing-press has made such another destruction and loss impossible, for it pours its treasures of thought into thousands of libraries and millions of homes. The printing-press stands in the breach of danger, a mighty power—a creator—creating a new world every day and every hour in the day, while the sun—its celestial symbol—makes his all-beholding rounds.

Let us maintain and strive to elevate the dignity of our profession and truly appreciate our responsibilities, both as builders and defenders, using facts instead of misrepresentation, and argument and logic instead of abuse and invective, to fight our battles for human rights and liberties and the disenthralment of mankind.

Of this let all be sure: The greatest fortune a man can inherit or win is the ability to find the proper field for his energies and talents; and there is nothing permanently valuable in this world that we live in but the work we do.





THE DRAMA — A RESPONSE.

I SHALL endeavor to speak for the drama, to which work your generous partiality has called me.

When you say that the drama is "the heart of literature and the concentration of all literary thought," you utter a sentiment which is peculiarly comprehensive and just. You hit the nail of fact squarely on the head and drive it home, and there seems to be nothing further to say, and no use in making any more noise about it. But every fact holds its inherent reasons, and the action of this great literary heart—the drama—must have its philosophy. We shall see.

When a system, or a science, or a branch of literature is accredited by the whole civilized world, the universal recognition implies a harmony, or a truth, or a well-spring of thought congenital with humanity itself. Let us consider the drama as such a branch of literature, and penetrate, if we can, the secret of its power over people. For our present purpose, the stages of intellectual advance from the starting-point of social communion may be ranked, first, oratory; next, the drama; then the epic song which bears historic fruit; and, last and highest, philosophy.

The drama had its origin among the very roots of language and spread its growth through all tongues. Children's plays were the first plays, and the children are playing them still. It is natural that the early tricklings of thought, after long winding through the mazes of tradition, and taking the character of accumulated knowledge on the way, should first find permanent expression in recorded conversations. This *suggested* the drama. The clash of mind against mind, heart against heart, soul against soul, in living dialogue strikes passion's fire for the crucible of truth. The antagonisms of sentiments and opinions and interests in the dramatic situation are the flint and steel of that Promethian spark which lights and warms the world. This is the drama—a crystallization of knowledge gained and wisdom attained, and its structure preserves the elements of oratory which preceded it.

So the drama has seized upon and fashioned to its purpose the treasures of legendary lore, epic heroics, historic fields and figures, philosophic, social, moral and even sacred themes; in fact, many of the holy books themselves are written in the dramatic style. It has thus linked itself to all the uses of language in the communication and transmission of thought, pervading all with its essence and its life. So it has grown up through all the stages and phases of human aspiration, and effort, and inquiry, and discovery, winding its sinewy coils through and around the vast riches of mentality with a proprietary right.

Its hunger for subjects is insatiable, and its capacity to digest and mould them into its own art-forms is illimitable, embracing as it does in its scope of forces and effects all grades of intelligence, from brutish instinct to godlike reason. It gathers its materials all along the pathway of man, and transmutes all metals of motive and grains of thought into its own gold. It stoops to the lullabies of Mother Goose, and it rises to the songs of the prophets. It plays every strain of human passion, in every condition of human life; and it soars among the stars and grasps the loftier themes of science, philosophy and religion. Its dominion is universal and its daring is sublime.

Say what may be said — and there is a great deal of empty talk about the decline of the drama — it never has failed or faltered in strength of grasp, nor has it retrograded a single step. It is fully abreast with Time, and leads the van in the march of mind. Its very nature is development, and its movement progress. We have the proof of this imbedded in our own language — solid rock. For example, the epic is accounted the higher form of expression. The absence of the *Iliad* would certainly make a greater blank than the blotting out of the *Prometheus*, but the world of to-day could better spare *Paradise Lost* than *Hamlet*. The one is read by a few scattered students, the other is recited by a grand chorus of civilized man that rings 'round the globe. Here, then, in our own tongue, in modern days, the drama has fought the battle for precedence with the epic, and has won.

Strongly seated as it is in the thought, the movement and affection of mankind, it is easy to discover the secret of the drama's power. It is the human ingredient in it that gives it the full height, breadth and depth of humanity itself. Man *will* sympathize with human nature, and not all the theories and philosophies ever invented can lead him from his kind, or cure him of human habits. Where his interests and sympathies are, there he will be in the majesty and supremacy of heart. Lying close to the heart are liberty, enlightenment and progress — involving in their development and fruition suffering and happiness, vice and virtue, error and truth, defeat and victory; the drama comprehends them all, and arrays and wields their forces in the manly struggle for greater good.

Look at the drama as a universal educator. It has had the richest wealth of time and toil and mind of all ages poured into it to bear interest forever. Shakespeare, its grandest exemplar — all nature's heart and brain — still at the end of three hundred years tops the intellect of the world. From such a height, his view of the drama and the actor's art will be accepted as clear and sound. He did not say, as many suppose he did, that the office of acting is to hold the mirror up to nature, but "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;" apparently a very small distinction, which makes a very great difference. Severe nature, a bald copy, would be tiresomely stupid in presentation. It has been tried, and the flat realism failed. It is the ideal and not the real that is the true in art. It is the type and not the

individual — humanity and not men that the drama personifies. The dramatist does not pick up the common man and woman, but selects the exceptional growth and development of man out of the masses for models of character, and they are true in the art perspective of the stage — just as the statue of heroic proportions is toned to nature at the height of its pedestal. These figures pass into the consciousness of the people as models of virtue and heroism to imitate, or monsters of vice to shun. Such conceptions and embodiments become electrified with the life of real historic persons, and live and act with the force of historical figures. The realest and liveliest man in Switzerland is William Tell, and yet he was conceived in the brain of Goethe, who delivered the embryo hero over to Schiller, who brought him among men for their admiration and advancement. And Tell is the towering Alpine type. So of other dramatic heroes. Thus the drama gives us the higher models for the general education. They are always above the class from which they spring, and to which they appeal, inviting to a higher plane of intellectual culture and æsthetic enjoyment. The vicious man, sitting at the worst play, can not see or hear anything so rank as his own vice. He is first caught when nothing else could catch him, and then led up and *educated*; and, taking even this low grade of entertainment, he is in better company and surroundings than he would have been if he had not gone to the playhouse, and he will come away so much the better man. He is lured through his own low instincts, if you will, but he is imme-

diately elevated in thought and sympathy to the higher level of the mimic scene, and awakening reason's transformation makes him *man*.

The man who can not read goes to the play, and sees pictures of beauty and hears lessons of history, heroism, morality, virtue — life. And he is *educated*. Into the same company come the cultured student, the man of letters, the learned professor and the sage philosopher, and they are educated too, for the magic of the drama discloses to their higher understanding a still higher idéal of possible being. Thus, the drama educates the ignorant, educates the educated and educates the educator in that vast temple where the dramatic trinity, Melpomene, Thalia and Euterpe, minister at their high altar of rational entertainment and universal enlightenment. With this spectacle of man at his congenial, intellectual pastime and happiest mood, in plain view the world over, who shall say that the drama is not a universal educator?

Of what is known as the modern society sensation, which we all know so well, little need be said particularly. Much of it is not legitimate, either in subject or treatment, and does not come properly within our scope, except so far as its grade and range of benefits have already been indicated. It comes from the hunger of the genius of the drama, and is another proof of its unbounded capacity to grasp all subjects, compass and comprehend all thought and take the great round world in its arms.

The drama speaks all tongues and is equally at home in all. Its English is the crowning triumph

of human utterance, and brings all the kingdoms of thought under the universal reign of Shakespeare. The beautiful green island, first in the hearts of all her sons wherever dispersed, yielded a joyful allegiance to the English monarch of mind, and strengthened and glorified his eternal empire with a Sheridan and a Knowles and a Shiel — proud names in the annals of literature and bright gems in Ireland's crown.

To bring the subject home, the American drama is an unsolved problem. The first American drama worthy of the designation has yet to be written. Many American subjects have been treated in the dramatic style, but the results have not risen to the dignity of a distinct American type in dramatic literature.

American harvesters have been busy in this field, but their scanty gleanings have been swallowed up by current consumption. They have established no world's granary and have saved no grain for seed. Our artists, both authors and actors, have found and portrayed the excrescences of American character, but they have no frames or places for their pictures because they have constructed no drama. American authors have done nobly with foreign subjects, but the tone and treatment have been purely English. They have drunk inspiration at the fountain of Shakespeare, which exhausts all the English springs. They feel the dramatic impulse, but they have not learned the secret of conception or struck the key of expression. There is somewhere a new way to an undiscovered mine. The conditions in the New

World are so different from those of the Old that they will not permit the same treatment. Premising a correspondence here that does not exist, is just where a long succession of errors and failures begins. Dramas are built of the bones and sinews and all the tangible materials and productive forces of human society, and breathed full of its living soul. The friction of the classes—always at war with each other—coming in sharp contact and collision, yet never mixing, generates the heat of dramatic action. Where the classes are in rough-shod antagonism, the conflicting elements and interests point the dramatic way. Now, there is only one grade of society in republican America which is no society at all in the sense of class. No man is anchored to the condition of caste. Any man may rise from the lowest condition to the highest position. The old society lines are therefore broken, and the promiscuous mingling of masses makes no sufficient fermentation for the wine of dramatic frenzy. In such conditions the drama becomes a lost art. Who shall discover the way to the American mine and develop its riches? Who shall find the true secret of conception and strike the key of expression? Who shall build the American drama?

A few words about the moral and religious opposition to the drama, which now and then breaks out with turbulence. It is for the high moralists, the clergy and the churches to consider and ponder well how they can be of the most benefit to man, for whose good they work. Would they be leaders or drivers? kind counsellors or inexorable judges?

Men are led better than they are driven — much better — and they take more kindly to sweet counsel than to dogmatic judgment. They must have amusement and recreation to compensate for the grind of toil, and rebuild exhausted energy. The need is imperious. Where are they to get this life compensation? The stage is everywhere, and the drama is a mighty mother with arms for all. She only can meet the universal demand. An enlightened English clergyman has nobly said: "The stage is the apotheosis of our nature, and the transfiguration of our daily life." This is spoken of it in its purity, and in view of its grandest purpose, and it is true. We have it. Shall we make the best of it? An institution that will bear this encomium is worthy of the best influence and best work of the best men. It has stimulated and yielded, and it holds in its everlasting and exclusive possession the richest and most abundant coinage of the human brain. Its thought is woven in the very fabric and organism of mind. No one can speak a cultivated tongue without quoting its master's dramas. Shall we guard the dramatic treasure with the strongest fortress of our civilization, or abandon it to unbridled license and plunder? Shall we cherish and cultivate it as a garden of the richest flowers and fruits, or permit it to grow up with rank weeds? For it can not be trodden down and stamped out — deep-rooted as it is and strong in luxurious growth. Then it is for the teachers to determine whether they can better exercise their high office and perform the greater good by thundering the artillery of their

opposition against the drama's temples, or by recognizing and encouraging their legitimate uses, and giving their influence to make the stage most worthy its mission of ministering to man. One thing is certain, the drama began with man, and it is going to see him through to the end. The heart out, life is done. While it beats —

“Fame, heaven and hell are its exalted theme,
And visions such as Jove himself might dream.”





EDUCATIONAL.

NORMAL SCHOOL DEDICATION.

I.

LET us contemplate the magnitude of this work and the responsibilities it involves. Let us endeavor to appreciate its full meaning and purpose; let us invoke to our aid its mighty spirit now hovering over us with brooding wings and gracing our assemblage with its life-giving presence.

The work of a teacher is at the foundation of all the professions, and in the highest sphere of its mission the profession of a teacher stands at the head of them all. It is the first in order, the first in importance, and the grandest in its ultimate expression. It lays the base and crowns the column with the capital in all the orders of mental architecture. To use another figure, it is the true husbandman of culture. It prepares the soil, sows the seed, gathers the harvest, and garners the golden grain.

We have formally laid the corner-stone of an educational edifice, and the edifice itself is the corner-stone of a vast educational system. This view, and it is the true one, a hundredfold magnifies the impor-

tance of the work here begun. A school is founded for the culture and training of teachers, whose high office is to mould the characters of the young men and young women of the State, upon whom the State's weighty responsibilities are soon to fall.

It is one thing to know; another to teach. A scholar may be graduated by any of the celebrated chartered and endowed institutions of learning with the highest honors and yet not know the alphabet of teaching. Teaching is a science in itself and is so recognized and treated by our public school system. Graduates of universities generally enter what are termed the "learned professions" or drift into affluence, ease and obscurity; but comparatively few of them ever become school teachers.

Whence, then, are the teachers to come to meet the pressing throngs of humanity on the threshold of active life? They must be made. Teaching must be taught. The province of a normal school is to teach to teach. From the nature of its work, its course and method must be peculiarly its own.

High schools, seminaries and colleges educate men and women for the general business of life. The normal school qualifies them for the *profession* of an instructor. It is the indispensable groundwork of the whole superstructure of the public school system, as it is extending itself over our broad land, and is of the first necessity to its efficacy and continued prosperity.

Great genius and great learning are cosmopolitan. Wherever they appear they are the common property of man; but the system of education in one

country is not entirely adapted to the needs of another. Neither does the method of one age chime with the activity of another. The world now moves with railroad speed, and is electrified by the telegraph. Stage coaches and post-boys have passed away. Education must still lead, not follow the busy throngs of life.

Every people must discover for themselves the most congenial means for their development, and those who find the natural sphere of their activity quickest and move within it strongest and bravest, achieve the highest stage of civilization.

Civilization works by laws almost as immutable as those of nature herself. The desperadoes and outcasts of society, if they escape its vengeance, finally throw themselves into the wilderness and find their level battling with wild beasts and savage men. This warfare results in a beneficial mutual extermination. Then the frontiersman comes with his wagon and his axe, and his plow, and his gun, and his dog, perhaps his wife, and smooths the more rugged features of nature, and dresses her in her work-day clothes. His labor is improved by little communities that follow in his track. They become fast settlers, and cultivate fruits and flowers and embellish their homes with various signs and hints of beauty. Lastly comes education, and builds school-houses, and founds libraries, and finishes the work; thus crowning with mental culture the labors of all who have been before. We are in this interesting stage of civilization, and are now engaged not in crown-

ing the king, but in laying the foundation of an expanding kingdom.

Knowledge is essentially aggressive. It is always at war with something opposed to its dissemination. It fearlessly attacks error and pretension wherever it can find them. It does not wait for its natural enemies to stumble against it; but it goes forth armed to meet or chase its foes. There is never any doubt which will finally be the victor.

In many countries of the Old World education has been chiefly directed to the maintenance and expansion of nationality, the development of war power, and the aggrandizement of empire. Its principal stimulant, and at the same time its worst enemy, was jealousy of neighbors. It was thus often turned into a channel in which the obstructions it met impeded the solution of its own destiny. But it never ceased striving for the cause which its votaries had most at heart, and it never failed to triumph.

In America we have a far different field to cultivate, and widely divergent objects to accomplish by education. We have to construct a harmonious nationality out of apparently discordant materials. We have all the territory we could ask, or can want: our prime object should be to settle and develop it; and we have no quarrelsome neighbors with whom to fight, or of whom to be jealous.

Among modern nations our position is in many respects anomalous, and our leading activity must spring directly from our instincts, and grow out of the necessities of the situation.

America is the lap into which are continually pour-

ing all the treasures of the earth, both in products and peoples. Numerous nationalities which for ages have cherished little animosities, strong antipathies, even rank hatred against each other at home, land on our shores to mingle into one, and that one a sovereign.

It is the province of our system of education to take hold of these heterogeneous elements and inherited antagonisms and mould them into one homogeneous and symmetrical whole.

The education of America has still to contend against its foes, not with the sword, but under its more congenial banner of peace, and with the sharper brand of reason. It has to fight prejudice—that corroding rust which eats up the substance of the best material—and keep the machinery of society lubricated and bright. It has to make bosom friends of natural enemies by placing them side by side on the same elevation of culture and economy, stimulating their aspirations and providing a common work for their hands and brains to do.

There are also among us “native and to the manner born” prejudices against foreign immigration. These must be overcome and eradicated. Education can and will do the work, and no means can be devised which promises such lasting results in this direction as a system of public instruction where the young of all nationalities are taught and trained together. The plastic characters of children become fitted and attached to each other by a community of pursuits in the school-room. It is a species of Freemasonry sacred to the fairy-land of childhood—

illuminated by the sunshine of innocence and joy, and eloquent with the merry voice of laughter, the memory of which will last as long as they live.

Last of all, we have lingering prejudices to fight at home. There is no more North and South. That geographical barrier was swept away in blood. But there is, in the sense of sectional rivalry, an East and a West, as different in character as if an ocean rolled between.

However much we may laugh at or denounce what we are pleased to call "Yankee notions"—and we of the West generally have strong feelings against them—we are compelled to acknowledge the broad fact that New England has educated and is still educating America.

"Knowledge is power"—it is the only republican aristocrat—it is an imperial autocrat wherever it has its seat, and it sways the American mind from the rock-built throne of the Pilgrims. The spirit of the Mayflower yet walks the waters, and is around guiding the direction of almost every movement on land. Its characteristic instincts were sharpened by persecution and penury, and the corresponding intellect was whetted by necessity. This class of mind is sure to cut wherever it strikes, and it strikes everywhere, making deep incisions for its intended cures.

Let us forgive its foibles, whatever they may be. It is a strong character. It is at heart a good spirit and worthy of being acclimated to the West. It will lead us to the "green pastures" of knowledge and by the "still waters" of wisdom—amid such

pastures and such waters as can be found nowhere else in the world, and they are all our own.

The keen edge of Eastern culture welded to the broad growth of the West forms a wedge which will split wide open the toughest problematical knot under the sun.

The "Yankees," as they are proud to be called, early seized upon the idea, or the idea seized upon them, that education was the corner-stone of a great nation, and they laid it—the principal element in the development of a country, and the best weapon for its defence—and they tried it. Having resolved upon the means, they went to work with all their might. Their method, so far as tested, has been proved effective, and their ability to pursue it is unquestioned. We are simply adapting their patent to the wants of the West, and ought to give them due credit for the invention.

In the mode of applying it and in the results to be attained we hope in time to be able to give lessons to our New England schoolmasters.

It is but natural that a little ill-temper should be mingled with a great deal of reverence for the master of a school, if he be a good one, but when the scholars turn the tables—multiplication tables—as we expect to do when we get hold of the balance of power, and there is no help for it, our severe old Dominie will be the first to elevate his familiar spectacles and congratulate us on our astonishing progress, and the wonderfully beneficial effects of the castigations he had given us when we were boys.

Society has been engaged on the problems of poverty and crime in all time past, and doubtless will be for all time to come. Philanthropy has wrestled with the question as Jacob wrestled for the blessing. It has pointed out the ladder of ascent, the principal rounds of which are Faith, Hope and Charity. But these symbols require culture to understand; the beginning is too high for the timid feet of ignorance.

Make education the first step of the elevation, that all may reach a material footing, and hopeless unfortunates who are now in the lowest depths of misery and degradation will be abundantly able to rise and help themselves. This would be especially the case in our own country, where —

“Thousands of hands want acres,
And thousands of acres want hands.”

This age has seen one signally distinguished man of great wealth who understood the conditions and needs of the poor, and used his princely means intelligently for their benefit. He was an American by birth, by education the product of the common schools of New England, but he was a man of two hemispheres and a benefactor of his race. In England he founded hospitals and asylums; in America he lavished his wealth for the cause of education. How different in direction, and yet how like in purpose. The end was reached in the Old World by asylums; in the New World by schools. What wealth of mournful sympathy there is in the former; what bloom of hope in the latter.

The donor thoroughly understood the situation on both sides of the Atlantic, and by his royal munificence won the admiration of his own times and the gratitude of long generations to come.

In every school book in the land, as a mark of honor for the unselfish good he did, should be printed — GEORGE PEABODY, the grandest millionaire philanthropist that ever lived.

Educate the poor, and thus remove them further from the temptations of crime. Educate the poor, and thus place in their hands a weapon to subdue the besetting sins incident to their condition, and instil into their hearts the hope of better things. Educate the poor. Elevate their ambition. Increase their means. Teach them to enjoy what they get, participate in the enjoyment of their next neighbors, the rich, and give them a life interest in society at large. Make education the effective foe of poverty, and find the only true solution of this most living question of political economy, which has so long puzzled the brains of mankind.

Colleges and universities and the various private institutions of learning can not do it, because of their intrinsic exclusiveness and incapacity to extend their fostering wings over all. They are powerless to accomplish this object, or even materially to advance it, being a part of an entirely different design. What then?

A system of universal instruction must grapple with it—a system comprehensive enough to embrace all in its scope. It has been found, we trust and believe, in the public schools of America.

Popular education, through the magnetism there is in the term, has become a national thought. It was the necessary outgrowth of other free institutions in which the United States is leading the van of nations. With us it must be of that character best adapted to promote the healthy growth and harmonious development of the country. This is the first great work it has to do, and it will require a union of all our forces, and the exercise of all our energies to do it well. Our legislators, our statesmen, our learned men must be actively engaged in the cause, as these prominent classes are to-day, and have ever been in some of the old European countries and especially in England. The leading minds of Great Britain are continually busy with education and reforms; and to a high state of culture, which seems to be hereditary as their patents as gentlemen and titles as lords of the realm, is principally due the remarkable fact that after all these centuries of luxury and refinement, there are no evidences of decay among the aristocracy and nobility of England.

On the contrary, every age extends the old, vigorous English growth of cultured manhood and womanhood by bringing the lords and the people nearer and nearer together; and even royalty is now mingling its blood in the subject's veins.

English freedom was an old boast which became a reality, and, as time passed, rose to the height of grandeur. It was the legitimate offspring of English education, and is jealously guarded by its mighty mother, who transmitted the heritage to all English-

speaking peoples. She perfected monarchy in Great Britain, and she founded a republic in America. If our good mother England lost a continent at Bunker Hill because she had to contend with a new element of education which she did not understand, she saved a world at Waterloo perhaps through the lesson taught her by her loyal yet progressive children.

We have an amazing example of the power of education in the late terrible clash of arms between Germany and France.

Germany had many learned men and learned institutions, and was at the same time an essentially educated people. France had learned men and brilliant institutions as well, but according to the standard of her powerful neighbor, was not an educated nation.

Germany lived in the present, and for the future, and its most vital thought was the unity of the Fatherland. All over the German States thought converged in the grand central point of national union.

France lived in the past, and feasted till she sickened on her old glory. The education of the masses was neglected and intelligence became contaminated with superstition. Whenever they attempted a movement out of their worse than torpid state they lacked the inspiration of a strong popular purpose, and a skeleton hand was thrust forth out of the dark and dragged them back. It was the ghost of their idol, the great emperor. They moved many times for a free republic, but lacked the education of personal liberty, and the republic always became the battleground for the empire.

The German hosts gathered on their borders like a cloud surcharged with lightning of their wonderful vitality. It was not the army of a nation, but a whole race in arms, and it fell upon its hereditary foe with an iron storm. It was more. It was an educated engine driving remorselessly through a mass of national and ancestral pride, which stood wrapped in dreams of the past, and believed itself to be invincible and immortal.

On drove the army of which every troop thought like a savant, and every battery opened its argument like a university. Pride, however strong, was no match for education such as this. Traditional prowess, however grand, could not win battles against one living, all-pervading thought, which, by reason of an universal belief in eternal justice, had become an accomplished fact before one blow was struck.

In such a contest there could be but one result, and it furnishes, perhaps, the most striking illustration in the unnumbered pages of history of both the moral and physical power of popular education.

Schools are of instantaneous growth. We are not required to wait on them as we wait for a young orchard to bear fruit. The intermediate stages of development were passed long ago, and the yield is spontaneous and abundant.

They need only to be transplanted from one locality to another—from the nursery to the field. They thrive as well in the desert as in the garden, and may attain the same perfection everywhere.

As regards the quality of education, the Old World possesses no advantage over the new, nor is the East

of our own country superior to the West, for the varieties are sure to reproduce themselves. The means, alone, must be provided and set to work, and the thing is done. This is what we are doing in Warrensburg to-day.

The operation of the public school system in the city of St. Louis is a bright example of the wonderful success in brain culture that can be reached in a quarter of a century, and reflects lasting credit upon those who have had its management. We can safely pride ourselves upon the best, and should "give honor to whom honor is due" for this especial blessing which we enjoy.

To do this work as it has been done required not only brilliant intellect and profound knowledge of all the branches taught, but every-day business capacity and organizing ability of the highest order. The best evidence of the varied attainments of these masters is the great work they have done.

Their highest praise is the gratitude of their fellow-citizens, and the personal pride with which each citizen regards the incomparable system of education by them created.

This retired and unselfish labor, for the most part hidden from the public eye, might have passed without adequate recognition of the powers brought to it had it not been for our enlightened educational journals, which from time to time have given us glimpses of the forces at work, and the philosophy of their action.

The American people are in a moving mood. Everything is moving westward. Even the East is

moving out West. The mind, genius, wealth and power of this great nation will be most richly developed in the Valley of the Mississippi: Our own proud State is doing her part in the general movement, and will receive her full share of the glory. She may build the Athens of America within her borders.

The State of Missouri is now the most important outpost of the territory, at the same time subjugated and disenthralled by the advancing legions of the educated. It may be regarded in many respects as the border-land adjoining the enemy's country.

Education is another "voice of one crying in the wilderness" to prepare the way for the greatest confederation of peoples that the world ever saw. The voice has a pleading pathos which can not fail of conversion, and that lofty tone, springing only from the consciousness of a new revelation and a sublime mission.

Our noble corps of teachers are gathered like sentinels on the heights all around, and much depends upon their watchfulness and bravery. On their banners gleams to the benighted a "strange device," which is at once their watchword and the herald of victory. Their faces are turned towards the setting sun, but they shine resplendent with the beams of the morning, at whose fountain they have drunk inspiration, and are now proclaiming the glad tidings of moral redemption and a promised land.

One word—gravitation—solved the problem of the universe. One word—education—is solving the problem of society and mankind.

Men may tear down whatever they build up except education, which is moulded in their type and stamped in their very souls. It alone, of all human architecture, is indestructible, imperishable, and solid as the foundations of the world.





NORMAL SCHOOL DEDICATION.

II.

THE awakened genius of education is stretching its young limbs, and the warm blood is coursing healthily in its veins and arteries. It is building magnificent county seats, and apparently means to establish a firm footing in newly opened territory by paving every school district in our State with corner-stones.

These ceremonies and this public demonstration signify that the people who inaugurated them are in solemn earnest. You thus proclaim to the whole world that your hearts and souls are alive to the importance of the movement, and you thus pledge your lives, fortunes and sacred honor to the consummation of your aspirations, and the realization of your hopes. Having taken this step you can not retreat. Pride comes in to guard the work already done, and your native enterprise will urge you to the execution of the design.

The corner-stone has been tested by the proper implements of the builders' craft and pronounced well formed, true and trusty, and correctly laid. It is capable of sustaining the superstructure. Apply the lesson. You have begun right. Your work is true—your material is solid, your foundation is

strong, and assures you that you may go on laying stone upon stone, until the building is finished and stands in your midst an enduring monument of your skill.

It is not a monument to commemorate the dead, but to perpetuate the wisdom and foresight of the living. It is to live among you and grow with you, the hope of maturity and the safeguard of the young. To future generations it will record a great act of justice, and conscientious performance of duty of the fathers and mothers of eighteen hundred and seventy-one.

The corner-stone has been consecrated with the corn of nourishment, the wine of refreshment, and the oil of joy, — emblematical of health, peace and prosperity. Let us draw the lesson.

The universal brotherhood which we represent inculcates harmony among the whole people in the prosecution of such an undertaking as this. It insists that we must work as an unit, and strive as one man to insure complete success; that, however we may differ in creeds and opinions in other affairs of life, we must lay all personal preferences and prejudices inimical to this purpose upon a common altar dedicated to universal education.

Then the edifice will grow, stone upon stone, harmoniously to its summit, in an atmosphere of peace, radiant with the glow of health, and resounding with the rejoicings of prosperity. Every stone will be consecrated to human progress by the corn of nourishment, the wine of refreshment, and the oil of joy.

The squared stone of the corner represents the great thought which underlies the act; the living thought from which the movement springs; the harmonious thought which must permeate and direct all its counsels. It is symbolical of a perfect character developed by culture. It comprehends the grand result of all our educational work, and is also typical of the completed structure.

And now we come to the finished building.

What does *it* teach? What blessings does it promise? Contrast it with the old frame school-house which squats away down in the vista of our memory. It is another pile of evidence that the people, having taken hold of their own affairs, are capable of managing the trust. Having wrested from old feudal systems freedom of person, they are rapidly becoming freeholders in mind, and think and act for themselves. Mental and moral servitude is by far the worst species of slavery. These shackles have fallen, and the whole people are marching with deep ranks and a broad front, up to their higher intellectual destiny. A detachment of them has halted here to-day, halted only, not stopped. They are celebrating a peaceful victory, and will soon go marching on to heights of still more exalted being, that shine upon their longing vision from afar.

The professions, which of old, were clothed with terror, and delivered their oracles from behind a dark, impenetrable curtain to the people cowering in a dimly lighted chamber, have yielded to the clamors of the audience for more light. The veil was torn away. Much intellectual humbug has been exposed.

Periwig doctors, armed with audacity and voiced with thunder, have vanished.

"The altars are broke in the temple of Baal."

The old solemnities that presided by overawing, and tyrannized in darkness, are gone forever, and their places shall know them no more. The people have rushed like a swelling sea into these mysterious sanctuaries, and taken possession of their ancient inheritance and their rights. The professions, divested of their superstitious auxiliaries, mingle with the masses, of which they form a respectable and now honorable part, and in their exercise mutual confidence and reciprocal love have taken the place of irrational awe and secret hate.

The audience halls are lighted and aired—your Normal School is one of them. Behold it and rejoice, ye emancipated people. The old dark school-house is gone. The old school-master, sore afflicted with his rheumatic mentality, could not endure the pouring-in streams of light and air, and the cheery voice of freedom. He, too, is gone; gone with his instruments of torture;

"Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were."

A new era reigns in the realms of mind. Its morning light has aroused the people to put forth their strength. Their watchword is "Popular Education," and we are now, as it were, surrounding the cornerstone of a new temple of the sun, celebrating the dawn of a brighter day with thankfulness, gratulation and joy.

There is no necessity of poverty in this beautiful land. Education is a richer patrimony than gold. The voice of culture is becoming more powerful than the jingle of the "almighty dollar." A man may be compelled to labor, but if he have mental culture he can not be poor —

"He, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of Time."

Let us hope — those who can not hope may still dream — that we are driving into an age of the world when poverty will be impossible, and squalid sloth unknown; when honest labor will be the only type of nobility; when all will be rich in that which alone can make wealth of value, and all workers with the hands; when education will be universal, and men and women rated according to the use they make of it, and the amount of good they do. Such would be a truly golden age, without the servile drudgery of gold.

And now let us take a cursory view of the field as it is spread before us, and note the prospect. A good, solid education seems to be the spirit of the time. All may participate in its benefits and blessings until the old class distinctions and barriers of life exist no more to traverse and scar the body politic with harsh dividing lines. The laborer, the mechanic, the farmer, the merchant and the professional man spring from the same level and receive their early training in the same schools. So far, society is equalized. This mingling of youth is the basis of a better life-long understanding. They know each other simply as they are, and no one knows what

business or profession his fellow is destined to adopt. Ambition and mental proclivities determine their calling and mould their future lives. School education is but the key of knowledge to unlock the mysteries of the unknown. Having it, every man must use it for himself; otherwise it rusts and becomes worthless in his hands.

It is a fact of which there are innumerable living examples, that a boy who gets an education in our common schools, having ambition and fair natural ability, can be anything he will. His course is free, and every avenue to distinction and honor opens to his magic key. If he rise above his fellows he has a thorough knowledge of the condition and needs of those below him, and his experience has infinitely increased his power for good. He may be a great educator, or a legislator, or a governor, without the crutch of money to lean upon, or any of the so-called "learned professions" to help him along. What does he want with their one-sidedness when his education has been experimental, and in some sort universal? He is far better without one *single* profession to guide the destinies of men of all conditions and professions.

Relics of the old masquerade of the professions still linger, even under our republican system of society. The gown and wig, and pomposity have been discarded, but the tradition remains; and the idea that the professions alone are fitted to manage public affairs, and give tone to public life, shows much vitality. Its tendency is to concentrate the ruling power in the hands of a particular class, instead of representing

in its administration the interests of all. This, the policy of our public school system will in time correct, its very life and spirit being opposed to all forms of aristocracy, which assumes exclusive prerogatives and the sole right to rule.

Men have striven life-long for wealth, and ended their days in the alms-houses; for power, and became prisoners and slaves. But never yet has an earnest effort to become educated failed to bring its substantial results and its crown of honor. In the bright lexicon of "Young America," resolved to educate himself, there is truly no such word as fail. Let no youth of our country sit down and grieve because his opportunities have not afforded him a special education, when he has had the advantage of our glorious system of public schools to make himself a man.

Now a word for the little people, many of whom are here to-day, who would rather run wild in the woods and fields and study nature, than learn their lessons in books. If the books can not be taken to the fields, the spirit of the fields can be brought to the books.

We sometimes hear of dull children who never learned anything at school, and finally left those institutions with the diploma of a dunce. Some of these academic dunces have developed into the brightest intellects that ever illumed the world. The contrast between the beginning and the end of such lives may well create suspicion that the teachers and not the children were dull. These old masters of letters apparently knew

everything but what was nearest — *human nature* — which was to them a sealed book. They never thought of opening the little volumes before them, and reading and sympathizing with what was there. They looked upon the child-brain all alike — as a sheet of white paper, upon which they commenced scribbling unintelligible words without reference to what was already written, never to be blotted out. The very natural result was *nonsense*, and the child, not knowing how it came, gave up the puzzle in despair, and was content to be called a fool.

Poor little victim of unmerited disgrace ! who could have taught the teacher the very beginning and end of all knowledge in its prattling way, if the pompous man had but listened to nature's voice, prophetic in the child ! There is nothing so brim full of pathos as the pleading of such tongues in ears that can not, or will not, hear them ; or the dumb, yet eloquent appealing of such hearts to hearts that can not understand.

The art of teaching promulgated by our Normal Schools is happily founded in human nature, and, therefore, it seizes at once upon the character of the child, moves in sympathy with it, stimulates interest opens the book of knowledge like a wonderful story, and gives to the dry tomes of science the freshness, and flavor of the loved Arabian tales.

How many years of dullness and disgrace are thus saved, to be added to the lustrous years thereafter, that contribute to the store of the world's treasures, with which it forever enriches its future.

Our public schools are the great arsenals of

progress. All the forces of civilization meet in the school-room among the teachers and boys and girls, and quietly organize for their successive campaigns. They go forth with shields more radiant than Achilles' armor, and lives more invulnerable than Achilles' self, to disperse the mob of error, and take the embattled citadels of abuse by storm.

Learning is no old philosopher's dream, but it is the waking reality of millions who are struggling out of the shadows of ignorance and poverty into the sunlight of knowledge and comfort. It is not the light only, it is the eye, and it shapes the object. It is the strong arm that wields the weapon, and it is the bright blade that flashes and cleaves. It is the muscle and the intellect; instinct and reason; body and soul.

Knowledge is not the solitary diamond of great price which sparkles and burns on the breast of some magnate of the land; it is a whole diadem of jewels, within the reach of high and low, rich and poor, to grace the brow of every one who puts forth a hand to grasp the prize. It reverses the natural laws which govern other precious things. The more there is of it the more valuable does it become, and the more one gives away the more one has. We have struck a new vein of it here—an exhaustless mine of that shining ore which contributes more than any other influence to happiness, prosperity, worldly wealth and power. Let it be worked until every hand holds a sceptre and every head wears a crown.



SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

UKEL-ZAM.

LEGEND OF THE VEILED PROPHET.

FOR several years the annual carnivals of the Veiled Prophets have been occasions of wide and wondering interest in that marvellous ocean-bounded country whose central great city is San Lotos. The American nation that presides over the development and directs the destinies of the country is yet young in years, and the first surprise was that so old a personage as a prophet should take such an exceptional interest in so young a people. Again, the origin of the Veiled Prophet, his character, ancestry and object in visiting San Lotos at a stated season every year were wrapped in the deepest mystery, which heretofore no pertinacious curiosity has been able to solve. The Prophet makes his timely announcements, comes with his legions in royal splendor, from no one knows whence, has a dazzling night of it, turning darkness into day in his train, vanishes before the morning's dawn, no one

knows whither, and leaves the people in a glamour of amazement.

So far as is known the Veiled Prophet does not use the electric telegraph, the magnetic telephone, the people's postal service or any of the ocean transits or lines of railway to communicate his designs or transport his regal pomp. All of his communications are "strictly confidential," and all his movements are mysteries. So the wonder grows.

But the time came for the solution of the Veiled Prophet mystery and here it is:—

One night—the excitement of a solitary watcher prevented his noting of the hour—a single galloping horse was heard crossing a great bridge which spans the Mississippi, with such speed that the toll-takers shouted in vain. On the back of the horse was a horseman whose head seemed to be enveloped in a mosquito bar. It was a veil—no doubt about that. Over the bridge, the horseman slackened his speed, and after a tortuous winding of several squares dismounted at a pile of millstones left out of doors because they were supposed to be too heavy to be carried off by night prowlers. The horseman, unaware of being "shadowed," took from his left inside vest pocket a numerously sealed package, which shone in the twinkling starlight, and quickly dropped it in the opening of the upper millstone. At that supreme moment the wary watcher tapped him on the shoulder and thus accosted him:

"Sir, I'm night watchman here, and shall have to take you in, for trying to steal a millstone."

He replied :

"You don't say so. Here's a nickel to let me go, and keep mum."

The shining solicitor was refused, and the horseman mused a bit. At length he said : "It's all up ; we're cornered, the secret's out. Can you see through a millstone?"

"Yes; if there's a hole in it."

"Correct! That's the point, and don't you forget it. I'll tell you all, if you'll let me slip."

"All what?"

"All about the marvels of the Veiled Prophets."

"All right; now we *are* coming to the point."

The horseman continued : "Fact is, the business I'm on has been held a mystery long enough, especially as its object and outcome are public. There is no reason for further concealment, and I'll tell you who I am and all I know. Listen! I am an emissary of the Veiled Prophet — Ukel-Zam — who has made several visits to your city, incognito, and is now on his way here to conduct another and still greater festival in October. The opening in this millstone, which you are able to see through, is the Veiled Prophet's post-office, into which I have just dropped a letter of instructions to the 'Solid Citizen' and chief of the mystic order here, and I must ask you to respect the secrecy and sacredness of that package, sealed with twelve seals — a seal for every month in the year, and a golden seal for October. That letter must be opened at break of day by the proper hands."

"All right again, amiable horseman; go on."

And leaning on that pile of millstones holding the bridle reins of his steed in his hand under the calm autumnal starlight, the veil still hiding his face, the emissary from the Orient, related the following history of UKEL-ZAM, until now known only as the Veiled Prophet of the Himalayas. The Wandering Jew has long been exploded as a myth of the Dark Ages, but Ukel-Zam is an earthly reality, that lives on forever. In the early times of man, before the dawn of written history, his fame as a world-builder became so great that he was deified, and mixed up with mythology after the manner of the primitive peoples. Patterns of men became objects of worship in after times, and thus the gods were distributed to preside over the various arts and sciences and human pursuits as they developed into activity and solidity.

Zeus, better known in these days as Jupiter, the father of them all, was very liberal in the distribution of his secondary deities, but, like common mortals, he forgot some things that needed looking after. Among these lapses of memory or ignorance of the situation, he neglected to provide for the mechanic arts, upon which agriculture and the real life of the world so much depend. He was rather partial to women, and produced nine daughters to order, collectively called the Muses. To History he gave Clio; to Lyric Poetry, Euterpe; to Comedy, Thalia; to Tragedy, Melpomene; to Dance, Terpsichore; to the Ode and Love Song, Erato; to the Hymnal, Polymnia; to Astronomy, Urania; and to Epic Po-

etry and Music, Calliope; but for the mechanic arts he provided no patron deity.

He had Juno for Company, Venus for Ornament, Pallas for Perfection, Mercury for Speed, Mars for War, and Vulcan to do dirty work at the forge for human destruction, but no one to beat swords into plowshares. Some of the lesser gods were much offended because of Mars. He was never an Olympian favorite, and many thought, as a god had been detailed to destroy mankind, that there ought to be a foil provided for man's sustenance and protection — a god of peace as well as a god of war.

It was a sly conspiracy, but it came to pass that Vulcan, the brawny blacksmith, and Venus, the blonde beauty of Olympus, contrived to have a surreptitious son, and they called his name Mekanus, and reared him secretly in the practice of the useful arts. But his great works finally betrayed him to be of the royal Jovan family, and as Zeus could not brook grandchildren or third cousins near the throne, Mekanus was banished, by Jupiter! and driven out of Olympus, by Jove! Vulcan was chained to his own forge forever, and Venus continued to be tolerated among the Immortals on account of her beauty, but her reputation has never been rightly cleared up.

Ostracised, expatriated, banished, Mekanus went into a strange land and among a strange people who were not ready for his enlightenment, but he gathered unto himself a few trusty disciples, took the veil for greater security from pursuit and meddling interference, changed his name to Ukel-Zam

(solid citizen) to conceal his origin and identity, and in conformity to the language of the people among whom he had cast his future lot; and the master and followers betook themselves for a safe refuge and seclusion into the lofty fastnesses of the Himalaya Mountains in Thibet. All this happened before the dawn of that history which has lighted the world along for some thousands of years.

And now comes a slight contradiction of the old legends, and even history itself, but before pointing out the discrepancy let us consider well the Himalaya meaning in Sanscrit, "the abode of snow." Forty-five of the peaks exceed 23,000 feet each in height. The Crown Peak, and the highest point known on the globe—Mount Everest—towers 29,002 feet above the level of the sea. Now it is recorded that the deluge, known as "Noah's Flood," submerged the whole earth, the teachers and commentators say five miles deep, covering all the known mountain tops. No one has ever claimed the depth of the deluge as over five miles, or 26,400 feet all around, while the highest peak of the Himalaya is 2,602 feet over five miles. Here is solid ground for the belief that a point of land still remained high and dry above the flood, upon which living beings might have weathered the storm. Somebody, therefore, could have tided the deluge over besides Noah and his family, by whom the earth was to be re-peopled.

The legend of the Ukel-Zam, the Veiled Prophet, comes to the aid of geography and supports this theory, which is further reinforced by two curious

linguistic facts on the Continent of Europe — the Hungarian and the Basque languages. Neither the Hungarian nor the Basque bear any resemblance or relationship whatever to the Semitic, Hamitic, Japhetic, or to any of the family of Aryan tongues. It has long been a mystery and a puzzle to philologists where they came from and how they got into Europe. The legend of the Veiled Prophet offers the only rational solution of this difficult problem.

Ukel-Zam and his followers were in the Himalaya Mountains when the flood came, and were driven by the rising waters up the peak of Mount Everest.

The inference is clear: They kept out of the thick of the wet, and when the waters subsided they came down again and took a hand at replenishing and repeopling the earth.

Before the historic migrations of nations began, still holding their fort and the base line of the Himalayas, they pushed into Europe, driving the aborigines before them to the Pyrenees, where they lodged, and saved their original tongue, which is called Basque, while the Himalayan invaders founded a colony and planted their own language in Hungary. The Aryan peoples in after ages surrounded them, and then both the Hungarians and the Basques became the puzzling problems of the learned world, and this exposition of the Veiled Prophet mystery may prove the long-lost, now-found key to the Hungarian-Basque philological situation.

Ukel-Zam and his followers had their choice of the forty-five eternally snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas, and were forced by the circumstances

of a very rainy season to choose the highest. The leader founded the order of the "Veiled Prophets," and his banished seclusion and the guard of the veil suggested the veiling ceremony of the initiation. All the band were veiled in token of the hidden forces of nature constantly at work for the world's best development, and all within the power of man to hitch to the car of progress. Ukel-Zam was proclaimed the prophet of progress, and crowned as the divinity who presides over the mechanic arts.

The Prophets discovered in Mount Everest an immense natural system of caves and rock-built passages linking them all together. The entrance to the caverned halls is near the shore of a lake which kisses the sky six thousand five hundred and twenty feet above the sea.

In this valley in the heart of the Himalayas all the seasons of the revolving years are continually present—spring, summer, autumn, winter, reigning at different heights on the hills and mountain sides at the same time, all the year round.

The region abounds in the precious metals and the purest crystals of all kinds and colors. The Prophets found the caves illuminated with them, and the largest cavern they soon transformed into a great castle hall of wondrous brilliancy by seizing upon the natural formations and moulding them into myriads of graceful art forms.

The skins of tigers and leopards and other wild animals of the mountains furnish the carpets and couches for the castle and chambers, making the mansion of the Prophets luxurious and richer in

furnishment than the palaces of the Oriental kings. Adjoining this are many other apartments of utility and great work, shops full of all sorts of machinery and every known kind of mechanism, set and kept in motion by a subterranean stream and waterfall from the continually falling and melting snows of the upper mountain region, which after spinning the great power-wheel, dashes out into the lake.

The workshops and machinery-rooms of the Veiled Prophets are museums of all the industrial arts, and thus the world moves and grows in the mountain's womb and brings forth a new birth every day, and this development of the useful and beautiful has been in progress unnumbered ages.

The crystal water which distills from the snow on the summit of Mount Everest, and flows into a great golden basin, gemmed with diamonds around the brim, in the prophet's palace, is the true and only elixir of life, and the proof of it is the perpetual existence of those who drink it. The Veiled Prophet has possession of the "philosopher's stone," and the secret of the transmutation of metals, for which the alchemists have sought so long in vain. Therefore the mystic pass-word of the prophets is Eureka!

As might be supposed, the Veiled Prophets could not have dwelt in the Himalayas so long entirely unknown to the surrounding people. Upon this point encyclopædical authority tells us that the ancient Hindus invested Mount Everest with the most mysterious properties and attributes, and connected it with the history of some of their own deities. It was supposed to be the abode of Siva,

the patron of penitent pilgrims who repair to its summit to win the favors of the indwelling god.

Ukel-Zam is credited with being the master of mysteries and the source of all the secret orders of the world which began the march of enlightenment in the various nations. He was the high priest of the old dusky priesthood on the banks of the Nile, the founder of the mysteries of Isis and Osiris in ancient Egypt; also the Gymnosophists of India, the Eleusinians of Greece, the rites of Adonis and Bacchus in Phœnicia, the Gnostics of Alexandria, and it is claimed by some that he laid the cornerstone of Freemasonry at Jerusalem.

Be these things as they may — and they can never be accurately known — it is certain that the Veiled Prophet has been present at every grand movement of the human race and presided at the ceremonies. He gazed upon the pyramids and obelisks while building; he promoted and pronounced all the seven wonders of the world, and before the confusion of tongues he told the builders of Babel's tower it was labor thrown away, and that he knew of a mountain which towered above high-water mark.

Ukel-Zam would have participated in the inauguration of some American world-wonders if he had been acquainted with the New World at the time. He first heard of "Uncle Sam" when he was about to celebrate his centennial in 1876, and the far foreign name so much like his own attracted his attention. In that year Ukel-Zam made a private tour of inspection in the New World, and found it well worth his further attention.

The Centennial Exposition was all well enough — once in a hundred years — but he thought the country worth an annual jubilee, and pitched upon the city of San Lotos as the proper place to give it, as the people already held an annual fair which had made a national reputation, and the only one of that acknowledged prominence in the land. He accordingly made all necessary arrangements and the Veiled Prophets first appeared in a grand street pageant in October, 1878. All know the marvellous result.

This revelation of the Veiled Prophets is given in good faith and because secrecy is no longer available, as the monolith — Cleopatra's needle — among many other interesting things, is inscribed with the whole history of Ukel-Zam, which can now be readily and truly translated by the aid of the long-lost work of Democritus — a key to the hieroglyphics recently come to light.





MAN AND MONKEY.

UNCLE KEITH, tell us that monkey story again, which you said you always intended to write out for a newspaper, or an editor's drawer, or something, and never did.

Now, if you'll promise to do the writing, and have it printed, I'll tell it over till you know every word of it by heart.

It happened before Darwin ever thought of his theory that men were only monkeys with their tails worn off, and in fact my friend—the hero of the story—really made the discovery that Darwin many years after claimed. He even went further, and proved the fact of relationship between monkey and man in this particular case.

Julius and I were school boys together. He was what we called the bully of the school, and had never found his match at wrestling and boxing during those early days.

He took a hand at every new boy that came, in a square stand-up fight, and always came off victorious. He did not believe in, "Let dogs delight," etc. Cattle and horses always fought it out that way, and why not boys? Nature was the first teacher, and every boy should know his rank in nature. I had taken my turn in the scale among the rest and knew my weight.

Jule was good-natured, too, and soon made up his little quarrels with the vanquished. He seemed born to rule, and at the same time win the love and admiration of his subjects, who were proud of their monarch, and prophesied great things of him when he grew to be a man. I predicted that he was sure to become a champion of the prize ring. He finally graduated himself with the highest honors by whipping the master and one or two of the school committee, and as he could not be driven away from school, the academy had to move away from him. It broke up suddenly, and Jule went forth to fight all the world.

He and I lived in different towns. What became of him I could not learn. Although I often looked for his name, and the records of his exploits, in the book of kings of the "square ring," I never found them, and at last concluded he had gone out West in search of other worlds to conquer.

Years and years after these school times, there was a celebration in our town one day. Now, our town was a notoriously quiet town, an orderly town, a Christian town. It was full of religion, especially on Sundays. Everybody knew just how much, and what kind of religion everybody else had, and the Sabbath was Piety's parade day. If anybody didn't parade regularly, he or she was classed as a heathen. The children were not allowed to play, nor a horse to be led to water, nor a cow to chew her cud in the streets from twelve o'clock Saturday night till one o'clock Monday morning. If it had been possible the town authorities would have stopped the cocks

from crowing and the winds from blowing, so profound and thorough was their sense and practice of religion on the Lords's day.

I tremble even now to think of what happened at the time I tell of. The celebration, which was a big thing and a rare event in our Christian community, was on Saturday, and wound up with a wine dinner, a dance and a general carousal. Early in the day I discovered a familiar face in the ranks of the strangers who had come to join in the celebration. I was not mistaken. It was my old friend Jule. Our meeting was a merry one, and I soon became a part of the celebration. Jule and I had high times that day and night. We kept it up with the best of them, and, much to my astonishment, Jule never got into a fight. He and his full share of wine seemed to be at peace with all mankind. Probably the atmosphere of the town had done its work.

He was docile. I feared the reverse. The thought came to me that he had sometime found more than his match, and quietly shelved himself after his defeat. The sequel proved I was wrong, and that he was slyly lying in wait for something to turn up worthy of his good right arm. The occasion came very unexpectedly and curiously at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. I have reason to remember the day and the hour so many years ago, and the scene I shall certainly never forget.

Jule and I had occupied a room together at a tavern, the little end of the night, and were by this time the very best of friends. He appeared to have grown a solid, substantial man. Not a word had

been said of his old pugilistic habits. I had carefully avoided the subject because I feared that I might stir up unpleasant reminiscences of some disaster that had cured him.

After breakfast we were sitting in the large bar-room of the tavern, with some dozen others, tapering off the celebration, with occasional calls on the man behind the bar. There was in the room besides the celebrationists an individual known to all the town by the familiar name of Grandad.

He was old and growing gray, and had a history. He was a baboon of enormous size. It was before the discovery of the gorilla and chimpanzee, or he would have been one or both of those. The landlord had taken him from a circus in payment of a board bill, and Grandad proved a good speculation in drawing custom. He was tall, and broad, and brawny, with long arms and a deep chest; and presented altogether a stalwart figure, and formidable front. He looked, for all the world, like a head demon in a spectacular play, save that he was dressed in a spike-tail blue coat with brass buttons, according to the fashion of the day, with his own caudal appendage hid away for personal propriety. He had a good set of teeth, and well-developed finger and toe nails. The landlord enhanced his attractions by telling marvellous stories about his strength, and savagery and his feats as a circus rider. He was kept chained to a post in the middle of the room, and there Grandad sat in a chair winking and blinking and wise, with apparently as much man in him as some others who were there; but he hadn't half a chance to show

his humanity, for his master kept him away from the glasses and decanters. He was therefore about the only individual in the room duly sober on this bright Sunday morning.

Naturally he became the subject of many a joke, which he neither laughed at nor resented.

One of the company asked the name of that unsociable gentleman by the post.

The landlord replied, Grandad.

It was observed that the family resemblance was striking, at which the landlord bristled up: —

Any family might be proud of him. Why he's the very king of all animal creation as to grit and fight. He can lick anything human or beastly.

The immovable stolidity of the blue-coated figure under a continual fire of fun, was greatly at variance with the character that was claimed for him, and at length some one ventured a remark prejudicial to his courage and fighting qualities. In short he allowed himself to be called a great cowardly lubber, to his face, and never budged or colored.

The landlord answered this imputation: —

Misters, that kind of monkey can lick anything that lives and breathes on earth.

This made a loud laugh all 'round and more sneers for his monkeyship.

I tell ye again, he can lick a mad bull, a tiger, a lion, or a nest of rattlesnakes if he wanted to; but he don't care about it; he can't eat 'em, and he has no need or desire to kill 'em. It's in him if they come in his way.

Another laugh all 'round, but, curious eyes took

in all Grandad's fighting points. It was agreed that he did look powerful and probably might do those things if put to it.

This admission brought Jule to his feet, his hands making fists, his breast heaving, and his eyes flashing fire. Everybody jumped up and stood in rapt expectancy at this exhibition of threatening pantomime. There was evidently going to be a set-to, but whether with man or monkey was not clear. The nervous fists began to play the overture to a fight, and to all appearance the landlord was the object of attack. At any rate he thought it prudent to beat a neat retreat behind his bar.

Jule was evidently choking with pent-up wrath and indignation, and at length he slowly measured out the following reflection in a tremendous effort to be calm:—

Did my education commence at the wrong end, and set me running backward all these years? Am I told that a monkey can stand up before a bare-handed man and knock the fight out of him? MAN—only a little lower than the angels—fall before an unfinished ape?

This was uttered with the feeling and effect of a soliloquy; then, in the same tone and measure, and more direct:—

Look'ee here, bar-keeper, do you pretend to assert before this good company of gentlemen, that a MAN can't lick a monkey? Do I understand that's your position on this monkey question?

The landlord gently but firmly replied:—

That's so. That there monkey can lick a man.

Why, bless yer soul, look at him. He can lick three men on him at once, but he's a peaceable being, and don't want to fight. He's a powerful example for some men I've seen.

Jule's manner became more restless, and quicker and sharper, as he shot out like the flash of a rapier: —

A MONKEY can lick a man, eh?

The as quick reply was: —

Tear him all to pieces quicker'n a wink.

And Jule went for the unsuspecting baboon full tilt among the bystanders, and over tables and chairs, with his rapier expression, this time, point out: —

What! A MAN can't lick a monkey? and dealt Grandad a blow which knocked him clean off the chair and broke his fastenings. His serene monkeyship had been laboring under the disadvantage of not understanding a word of the language, but he now understood something of its purport, and had decidedly the advantage of his assailant in agility. He did not delay to parley the question, but got out the front door with wonderful ease and celerity—Jule after him, shouting at the top of his voice: —

What! A MAN can't lick a monkey?

The good people of the town, to nearly all of whom I was well known as a sober citizen, were wending their way to church, but I could not think of leaving Jule in the midst of such a doubtful contest, although I had great faith in his prowess. I followed the rabble from the bar-room. Helter-skelter in among the astonished church-goers scampered the astonished monkey, closely followed by Jule,

asserting his superiority by the peculiar emphasis of the issue :—

What! A MAN can't lick a monkey?

He evidently meant to put the mooted point forever at rest, and was totally oblivious to all properties and surroundings.

The church bell called the flock of the faithful in vain. There was an extraordinary monkey show, and they were resolved to see it out. A lumber-yard was close at hand, in which there was an isolated pile of boards, I should think about twenty feet high. One end of the pile was ragged and uneven with jutting and receding planks, while the other ends and sides were smooth and perpendicular. There being no convenient tree, Grandad sought this board-pile as the only visible means of escape from his pursuer, and he valiantly asserted his monkey-hood in climbing swiftly to the top. I did my best to dissuade Jule from following, but he violently shoved me aside and harped in his highest key :—

What! A MAN can't lick a monkey?

Up he went, and when I turned away in very shame, old Deacon Golong tapped me on the arm, and asked :—

Who's your friend? and why do you thus blaspheme the Lord's day?

I remembered Peter's perplexity under widely different, and yet somewhat similar circumstances, and replied :—

I don't know the man; never saw him before; but the monkey is a respectable citizen of this town. Common humanity taught me to save the man from

making a monkey of himself, Lord's day or no. If I were in your place, I'd leave this carnal festive scene and go along.

By this time the sounds in the upper regions of the lumber pile indicated that Jule and Grandad were hard at it, in a pretty even match for mastership. Monkey took his punishment like a man, and did not know how to halloo when he had enough. He bit and scratched, and tore his antagonist's clothes, until poor Jule was bleeding all over and almost nude, playing a marvellous, laughable tragedy on that reeking stage, before a Sunday-go-to-meeting congregation. It was said that the parson was also there, hiding in the crowd. I will not swear to that, but do know that he had no occasion to preach a sermon that morning in our town.

The combat went on for above an hour, with varying fortunes. Sometimes it was monkey, and sometimes it was man who had the best of it. In such an even balance hung the superiority of the human race to its speechless and hairy ancestry. There was scrambling and hugging, and wrestling and hitting, and bitiug and falling, and rolling over and over on the sounding floor, and at every lull of the fight, Jule's voice rang out above the murmurs of the crowd loud and clear: —

What! A MAN can't lick a monkey?

Jule scorned to take a mean advantage of his adversary, on account of his human nature, and developed reason, and so fought the monkey on his own ground, with his natural weapons, and as near as possible according to prize ring rules. At length

he got monkey's head in chancery, and letting into him a shower of rapid blows he raised his face seamed with scratches, and smeared with blood to the expectant throng below, and in triumph shouted:—

What! A MAN can't lick a monkey?

The battle was ended—the victory won—the momentous question was settled—a man can lick a monkey.

Jule took Grandad by a fragment of the chain which he had carried with him in his flight, and began to clamber to the ground. The Sunday-school scattered like leaves before a blast, for Jule, however he might be tolerated on the stage at a respectable distance, was too scant of drapery to appear among the spectators, many of whom were pious women and tender children. Jule and Grandad had a comparatively clearstreet back to the tavern, and they seemed to have arrived at a pleasant, mutual understanding.

The landlord was the only spectator who did not enjoy the exhibition, and as soon as the fight was over he had crept sullenly back behind his bar, where he stood with lowering brows when the crowd re-entered.

Jule, with a confirmed sense of his superiority, though his looks indicated that he had the worst of the battle, as he led in his late antagonist, yelled out:—

Landlord, a gin cocktail! What! A MAN can't lick a monkey?

All smiled; even the landlord smiled; he couldn't help it. Grandad evidently understood that the affair

was over ; went to his post, and solemn, dignified, supremely respectable, took his seat on the chair, with one good eye left, winking and blinking and wise. For aught I know he is sitting there still, drawing custom. So ended the celebration.





HALF-PAST FIVE IN THE MORNING.

IT was late in June in the factory village of Glen-Ryddle in Pennsylvania's oldest county—the oldest from the fact that on the river edge of it Penn first set foot in his New World domain.

A dashing stream leaps and runs in and out among the woods and hills and rocks, apparently looking for something to do, until finally, tired of its race, it wallows in the marshes of the Delaware, and, fallen asleep among the reeds, is gathered up in the arms of the tides and carried off.

Early settlers took its babbling suggestion of "water power," and it became a mill stream.

At several turns of its course they caught and held it between the hills, and when it had done their milling they set it free in foaming, flashing cascades, soon to be caught and enslaved again after its wild bound for liberty. So they alternately checked and accelerated its course down the narrow glen it had found from its birth spring to the billowy bosom of mother ocean.

Glenn-Ryddle, one of its stopping places, is a knot in the two chains of bordering hills which girt the stream and seem to forbid its further progress. Cotton and woolen mills are rooted in the rocks at the base, and the straggling factory town rambles up on

all sides as if to get farther, and farther away from the hum of the spindles and looms—the great house of Glenn-Ryddle at the summit of the highest of the hills being entirely beyond the hum.

A railway dashes around one hill side from somewhere, and after holding its trafficking trains in sight of the glen for a moment, whirls around the other side and disappears—no matter where. It tells of a world from which it came and speeds to a world waiting for it beyond, and the secluded factory town is a part of both worlds, caring little for either.

The coming and going trains are of no interest to the factory hands of Glenn-Ryddle, for they could not get away from their mill life if they would, and doubtless they would not desire to go if they could. They make a contented and happy community at work in the mills all day, and gossiping and gardening on their blooming hill sides in the evening.

The greatest sorrow that ever visited Glenn-Ryddle, came to the great house on the top of the highest hill, above and beyond the noise of the humming looms. It is a luxurious country house, surrounded by green lawns and bright blooms. The sorrow came on the last day of June at half-past five one morning.

Aurora Ryddle was lying insensible in a chamber of that house. Her friends were around weeping, fearing—listening for her last breath.

Many of the factory people would have given their own lives for the life of the mill master's young bride, whom he had brought home scarcely a twelve-month before, whose beauty was their pride, and whose

bounty had often flowed down the hill sides into their cottages.

The clock in that chamber was stopped at half-past five in the morning, and no sound save smothered sobs was heard in the room. Even the spindles and looms stopped for a day, and the sorrow flowed down the hill sides and filled the cottages like a fog of the mill stream.

But after all, there was no funeral from the great house of Glenn-Ryddle. A strange thing had occurred in that chamber. After some hours, the watchers saw a quivering and flushing in the calm white face on the pillow. The faint returning breath just fluttered the down of an ostrich plume, and Aurora Ryddle floated back to life on the pillowed couch which for a time was believed to be her death-bed.

Days and months passed, and the summer colored into autumn tints, and autumn faded into winter, and spring and summer came and went, and the pale, beautiful face still looked up out of the pillows, wondering at the stillness of the world. Even time seemed to circle in a pool like the mill stream, and the hands of the clock in the chamber forever stood at half-past five.

Aurora Ryddle clung to a very slender thread of life, and consciousness came slowly, slowly. At length bodily health and strength in a measure returned, but the senses seemed to be curtained within her wide-open, soft eyes. They looked inward always until they were startled by some sudden outward presence.

Lamotte Ryddle, the mill master, was a kind man, much older than his wife, and much engrossed in business. He was the father and temporal providence of the village of Glenn-Ryddle, and he loved Aurora's quiet, simple beauty, chiefly as an ornament of the house. If it was not heart-fervor it was the warmest worship he was capable of offering at the shrine of beauty.

Aurora knew the true value of her husband's kind heart and his sentiment for her, and while she was not unhappy during the first year of her married life, she could not help dreaming of another being that might come into her arms and home to fill a certain vague void in her longing heart.

On that memorable June morning her consciousness was shattered. When she first caught hold of some scraps of memory and turned them to view, her mind was as a warped and broken mirror and made distortions. Then came sudden frenzies of laughing, weeping moaning and disjointed talk. She could not bear the presence of her husband, and hid her face at his approach. His coming footsteps seemed to give her so many electric shocks, which at his retreat became less and less violent until the creak of his boots died away on the gravel walk. For her benefit and possible restoration he banished himself from her presence and walked with muffled steps about his home. She was nervous and excited in the presence of any one who had been familiar to her in that house — servants and all — and a competent care-taker was needed. One was found in an elder maiden sister — Ruth Dart —

who had years before given up living her own life and resolved to live for others. Ruth and Aurora were not only sisters, but had always been dear friends, and upon separating they kept up a regular weekly correspondence until it was broken up, with other family regularities, that day. Ruth came, and she was the first object Aurora saw clearly in the old light. Sisterly love and the memories of life in the old homestead began the cure. When the sisters were together the stricken one was strong in the support, and thus Aurora's reason began a second dawn.

There was hope now, but the most difficult matter of all was yet to manage.

During Aurora's first days of returning strength, and apparently rational consciousness, visitors had come into her chamber, and on one or two occasions brought with them young children. It was found that the sight of a child caused her a fit of frenzy, and a child's cry threw her into convulsions. Children were thenceforth forbidden to enter the invalid's room. This peculiarity of the malady made Ruth great uneasiness and set her invention to work. There was a good cause for anxiety, and motive and scope for invention. Ruth thought if she could only cure Aurora's repugnance to children the restoration would be complete, and she set herself about the task. It was a case that could not be hastily treated. It might take years, and it did. There was great pain in it, too, for the sister nurse, but she was patient. Besides the care of her sister, she found a child which she resolved to train for a future pur-

pose, and the latter, under the peculiar circumstances, could not live in the house. Aurora had several times heard, or fancied she heard, the laughing or crying, or the pattering feet of a child at play in the house, and the sounds or fancies always made her worse. The presence of childhood was therefore strictly interdicted in the house of Glenn-Ryddle. And without the ability to endure, and even love that which had been a secret and holy longing, the restoration of Aurora Ryddle could never be complete. What was to be done? This was the problem Ruth had to solve in the performance of her sisterly mission.

Beyond the lawn of the Ryddle mansion a child was already in rearing by a couple of factory people in a little cottage on the hill-side. There were several other children in the family, but one little girl was put in innocent training for the special purpose. At the proper time she was expected to play a child's part in a domestic drama without knowing why or wherefore. Ruth often visited this family, and furnished them with comforts not within the reach of their means. She had long talks and rambles with the little one, probably rehearsing the important part she expected the child to play.

And thus five years passed, in and around the master's mansion. They expired on the last day of June at half-past five in the morning.

In the meantime Aurora Ryddle had recovered so far as to take an interest in things outside of her chamber. A strange coincidence of her days in

these years was, that, although the clock in her room still silently pointed its immovable hands, she always awoke at half-past five in the morning, and first opened her eyes wide on the dumb face of the clock. She had a mysterious sympathy with time as it went, and that particular point of time as it stood. She would never listen to her sister's oft-repeated suggestions to start the clock for company's sake. She seemed to want it still, that she might take hold of each day's life precisely at that point. It was a morbid fancy, perhaps, but it meant awakened interest in her life, such as it was.

So the clock in the bed-chamber had always stood still and had the advantage of all other time-keepers in being precisely right twice every twenty-four hours. But to her it was always half-past five in the morning. She took no note of evening time. When it was right, in the morning, Aurora always rose and looked out on the lawn from her window. It faced the east, and, in the summer time, the sunbeams shot into the room through the mists that overhung the glen. When the sun was out she looked and looked, till the fog was gone, and she saw the clear sky. So she began day after day, in a calendar of time that never moved for her.

On the particular day just noted, a movement began. She saw just within the closed iron gate of the lawn a little fairy-like child, skipping around on the sparkling, dewy grass, pulling sprigs of evergreens and plucking flowers in apparent glee. It was evidently a girl. She was alone. Something in the figure of the child transfixed her gaze. It was

bright and beautiful as the June morning's face reflected in all the colors of garden and lawn.

The impulse to talk to the child was too strong to be resisted. Aurora opened the window and called and beckoned. The little spirit of the morning saw her and ran nimbly towards the house. As she came the day brightened and the clear sky about the sun came out through the mists. She came under the open window with the bunch of green and roses in her hand all wet with dew, and her face and hair and dress bespangled with clinging rose-leaves and flower-dust.

Aurora cried for joy at the pretty sight and exclaimed:—

“Darling, who are you?”

“I'm little Lyda.”

“Whose Lyda? Lyda what?”

“Just Lyda's all the name I've got.”

“But how did you get here, little dear?”

“A lady brought me and put me in the gate.”

“Who was the lady, Lyda?”

“She told me never, never to tell, and Lyda said she wouldn't—so she mustn't.”

The mystery of the child's appearance in the grounds awakened an intense and healthy interest in Aurora's mind. She questioned the little elf of Flora further:—

“What did the lady say when she put you in the gate?”

“She said a dood lady lived here, who wanted a little dirl like me.”

“Have you no papa or mamma who wants you?”

"Papa and mamma are poor, and they have plenty more."

"So they gave their little Lyda to the lady, did they?"

"Yes; they sent Lyda away."

"Lyda, would you like to live with me?"

"If you are the dood lady."

"Come up to me, darling; the door is open."

And Lyda bounded on the porch and upstairs and into the chamber, and brought the freshness of the morning with her and a new life into that room.

All the while of the talk Ruth Dart was standing within the door listening and rejoicing over the success of her plot, and when Lyda was invited in, Ruth showed herself in the door, which reassured the child and hastened her entrance. Ruth and Lyda exchanged no words. The child hurried upstairs and Ruth's eyes filled as she went.

An important part of the training had been that Ruth was not to be known in the matter, and the child was likely to honor it. So far all had gone well.

Lyda was a pretty, graceful child, and her earnest, plaintive face and great pleading eyes commanded love at sight. Wet with the dew and morning mists as she was Aurora caught and folded her in her arms, saying:—

"Little Lyda shall live with me till somebody comes to take her away."

"But you won't let 'em, *will you?* I want to live with you 'cause your're dood and have no odder little dirl. I'll be very dood."

The child struck the right chord in that longing heart. A healthy impulse bounded in Aurora's veins and brought fresh color to her face. The child saw her conquest and put her lips up to be kissed. The offer was not refused, and so the sweet compact between the newly awakened woman and the trusting little stranger child was sealed.

Lyda brought nothing with her but what she held in her hand, and the clothes she had on. She was all there, and for the time at least, all Aurora's. Aurora took the flowers and sprigs of evergreen, and put them in place in the room, and then said:—

"Lyda, how old are you?"

"Five years old to-day, they used to say — at half-past five in the morning."

Aurora started; looked at the clock, then into the child's face, then went to her dressing-case and looked at something there. She lifted the child up and both looked into the mirror. She shook her head. Something she was looking for, and once or twice thought she had seen, had fled. If Lyda only looked enough like her to pass for her child it would make the bond so much the dearer between them, she thought; but she was so like, and yet so different; her face was a puzzle as well as her coming.

"See, what I have here," she said to Ruth, as she entered as usual to assist her sister in making her simple morning toilet. "A little Lyda, just five years old to-day." Ruth looked sufficiently astonished. Explanations followed, while Ruth was busy most of the time with her back turned to the child,

who passed through the ordeal of introduction well. She was not to seem to know Ruth, and another point in the game was made. Ruth was fond of children, and at once took a mighty liking for this child.

"You will surely keep her," she said, with pleading interest.

"I am to be your mamma, am I not, little Lyda?"

"And you will be my Aunty Ruth," chimed the child.

Ruth took her up and kissed her a loving acquiescence, and Lyda was installed a member of that family.

And life became beautiful again in the house of the master of Glenn-Ryddle. Lyda unlocked the closed doors, opened the windows and let in the light and air. She soon caught sight of Lamotte Ryddle; had she seen him before? Perhaps. At any rate, she ran to meet him in the walk, took his hand, and said:—

"Come and see my mamma."

He went unresistingly to the chamber from which he had been banished five years before. He had been morbid too, and almost a stranger in his own house. Lyda led him in, and said:—

"See, mamma, Lyda has brought papa home."

And all the colors of the dawn lived in Aurora's happy face. And he, holding her in his arms again, drank fresh draughts of her beauty. What magic has the child wrought? Close the door on this sacred scene.

Little Lyda completely changed all the life and

feeling and sentiment of the house. She was a new spark of heaven's fire that had dropped down there like an aerolite, and made an illumination of calm, sweet effulgence. It streamed down the hill-sides, brightened the cottage windows and shone on the mills in the glen. Even the spindles and looms had a happier hum, and the joy of the good old time came back in its full tide to the factory village of Glenn-Ryddle. Visitors returned to the master's mansion, and all moved again in the old way except the clock in the chamber, which still pointed to half-past five.

Lyda became a most interesting study to Aurora and the rest, and Ruth had a deeper interest than any in her behavior, but of another kind. She had many private talks with Lyda, which had a secret meaning, and promised further developments.

Except on these stolen occasions, Aurora and Lyda were inseparable companions. They rambled together in the walks and gardens and groves, and beyond the iron gate by which Lyda had so mysteriously entered—such a little thing, and yet bringing so much of life.

Aurora was anxious and troubled about two or three things. She wanted to ask Ruth a question or two which she knew Ruth could answer and set her at ease, if she would, and yet she feared to ask them. No one volunteered to tell her anything of the past, part of which was a blank to her, except Lyda, and she could not help chattering about her "odder home." She studiously refrained from asking Lyda any more questions about her former life, out of respect to the child's promise not to tell the

thing she wanted most to know. Probably she wanted the child to forget.

One day Lyda was particularly chatty. She told Aurora a little domestic incident about her father and mother, her brothers and sisters and herself. It turned on some matter of family discipline, which showed that the children had been reared by rule. When she had finished she waited for a response. Aurora said nothing, and turning away began talking to the child upon some other subject. Lyda stole into a corner, and when Aurora soon after called her, her eyes were trickling tears.

That night after she retired early to bed Aurora heard her talking, and listened at the door of her little room. Lyda had, in fancy, summoned her brothers and sisters about her, and was bidding them a formal and final farewell. Her good-byes to Clarence and Julie, and May and Florence and little Harry, with bits of advice and crumbs of consolation for her going away, were touching to tears. And she was crying too, when she said, for their comfort:—

“I’ll never see you any more, but you will know I love my odder mamma, and my odder home; be dood.”

Then she repeated all their names in her little prayer, and sobbed herself to sleep.

The next day Lyda crept timidly up to Aurora and taking her hand said:—

“Mamma, I want to tell you anodder story.”

Aurora started, turned her face slightly, and moved her hand as if she did not want to hear it.

Lyda persisted, and smiling through starting tear drops continued : —

“ But it isn’t about my odder home.”

Aurora was conquered again, and listened to the prattling recital. And little Lyda never again named her brothers and sisters in Aurora’s hearing, or spoke of any “ odder home.”

There was a merry Christmas time in the great house of Glenn-Ryddle. The first family gathering there had been there for years made the festivities. There were fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts, and cousins — old and middle-aged, and young and infantile. It was a good company and a rare occasion — an old-fashioned country family reunion. The members of the family came from far and near, and the scattered of three generations were gathered together on Christmas-day. Little Lyda was introduced to a host of new relations — rather she introduced herself, upon being asked her name : —

“ Lyda Ryddle.”

Several of her little cousins were present, and among them, the nearest her own age, was Aurora Dart, three years old, who insists upon calling herself “ Owlie ” Dart. And Lyda and Owlie had grand larks, with the half a dozen other little ones. Lyda being the leader in the romping games.

In fact, Lyda captured the whole company, old and young, and was the fairy, dispensing the sweet things and the pretty things of the Christmas tree.

Aurora was warmly and unanimously congratu-

lated by all upon having drawn such a prize as Lyda from capricious fortune's wheel. All said, as with one voice, "Keep the child, she will honor you."

Aurora was at first a little disconcerted at the concert—"Keep the child"—which she had already resolved to do, if permitted. She drew Lyda to her as she sat and said:—

"I love Lyda as my own child. She has come into my heart to stay, if nobody comes to tear her away."

Then little Lyda chirped in:—

"Aunt Ruth said I was to live here always, when she put me in the gate."

Had the little tongue slipped?

No. Ruth and Aurora were looking in each other's faces—both full of strange emotion. At length Ruth broke the silence:—

"Yes, I planned it all for the best, for you, for Lyda. I know Lyda's history. She is yours if you will adopt her as a daughter. I promise you she will never be claimed by another mother. Will you take her as your own child?"

There was a pause of suspense.

Aurora gazed in Lyda's face. She saw the old look that charmed her at first. She kissed the half-open wondering mouth and wide eyes, and said with emphasis and feeling:—

"Since you all seem to desire it, I take Lyda as my own."

Then spoke Ruth with a face and tone of inspiration:—

"Sister Aurora, there is no need in adopting her. Lyda Ryddle is your own child!"

There was a still small voice: "Mamma, I'll be dood."

That was Aurora's Christmas gift, and it was a surprise to no one present save Aurora herself, who had just come out of the dark into a great light.

Before they separated for the night — some to go home, and some from a distance, to remain in the house — all received a cordial invitation to make New Year's calls. Open house for the village and for all. Aunt Ruth had evidently given Lyda some further instructions, for the glad little thing pulled Aurora's dress, and said before all the company: —

"Mamma, do you know on New Year's eve I'll be half-past five."

"Yes, my darling, and we'll start the clock at half-past five in the morning."

The spindles and looms in the mills of Glenn-Ryddle were stopped on New Year's day to celebrate the beginning of a new time in the master's mansion.





POOR OLD HORSE.

SCRAPS OF HIS SKIN AND BONES.

ONE day a friend of ours in a musical mood began to hum a strange tune as if he had just caught a sound of his boyhood which came suddenly upon him like a long lost brother. He kept on crooning and crooning, and presently some strange words tumbled into the tune, which seemed as if they had been there a long time ago. The words were: "Poor old horse! Let him die." Now, the friend of whom we speak was not in a bodily condition to suggest that the words were peculiarly applicable to himself. Still, often and often from his lips came the sad refrain: "Poor old horse! Let him die." At length he explained: "That is a song my grandfather used to sing before I left the old sod. What's the rest of it?" Then a thought seemed to flash upon him like a telegraphic message on the cable of memory, from that far time across the blue deep, and these words came marching with measured pace:—

"But now I'm growing old,
I can get no corn at all,
I'm obliged to crop the short grass
That grows all 'round the stall!
Poor old horse! Let him die."

This was an encouraging addition, but it was the most that would come. Days and weeks passed, but still no other word of that old song fell into line. The rest was completely effaced by the successive impressions that had been crowded upon the tablet of the brain during a busy life. The disconsolate singer had lost part of himself which he was anxious to recover, and never ceased harping upon "Poor Old Horse." He searched thorough all the libraries, rummaged all the book stores, pestered the publishing houses in Europe and America, and, at length, actually made a voyage across the Atlantic and visited England, Ireland and Scotland for the purpose of hunting up the "Poor Old Horse."

He was haunted by a sound, a word, and the dim vision of a shadowy time, which had thrust itself between him and the present. It was a skeleton which he wished to clothe with flesh and endow with life.

At first his friends laughed at him, but the matter became too solemn for a joke and they began to devise means of helping him across the chasm and repairing the lapse of memory. But he, in pursuit of the phantom horse, departed for other lands.

During his absence there was a meeting for consultation. The first question to be decided was whether the thing sought ever existed, and if it had whether it was worth the search. No doubt the old horse and the song had been. If the song was a good song, why had it not been printed? A great many good words had not been printed, because the speakers did not know their value. Trifles, too, become

great things in centuries. Therefore this song, though trivial when it was sung, might be a sublime anthem now. The discussion resulted in adopting the most direct and simple method of reaching lost things in hidden places, which strange to say, none of those interested had thought of before, and some of the party were printers too. They made up a "pony purse" to give to some "influential and widely circulated journal," and soon after appeared an advertisement something like this: —

"WANTED — The words of an old song, entitled 'Poor Old Horse! Let Him Die.

"Address, OLD HORSE."

This brought the answer — in fact many answers. Answers innumerable came from town and country — far and near. All at once everybody had an answer, although no one seemed to know anything before. The answers had apparently been stowed away for years, just waiting for this grand opportunity to tell what they knew about horses. The amount of equine information that people have is astounding. The literary acquirements of the masses, too, are remarkable. They knew so much; printed books and journals knew so little about what was probably a brilliant gem of literature. "Poor old horse." Had the press in its mighty strides left this sterling English song behind? Had it indeed ever known of its existence? or had it rejected it as unworthy of its voice? These are questions which the results of this song-hunt must answer. Said results have their frivolous as well as substantial phase. Correspond-

ents are earnest, flippant, grave or gay according to humor. One wants to know if this is a "hobby horse." Others suggest "clothes horse," "saw horse," "rocking horse," "war horse," "wheel horse," "dray horse," "dead horse," and "git up old horse." One has the temerity to assert that "that old horse" went to the *hoss-pital* long ago, and has now gone to the dogs. All sorts of horses and hints of horses are brought into view like a circus procession, wherein these lively correspondents act as so many ring comedians.

One reply states that the writer knew that same old horse, and never could look upon him without shedding tears. His full name was "horse radish." Quite affecting. Celebrated trotting and running horses come in for their share of notice, but it would take too much space to recount their names. All this is frivolous. But men will be boys, and must have their toys. Now, for the serious responses to a serious want.

A very much-in-earnest correspondent refers to a beautiful poem by Longfellow, containing a touching story of an old horse that had borne his master many a long mile on his knightly expeditions, and who, when the horse had become aged and infirm, turned him out to shift for himself. There was no "society for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals" in those days, but there was a town bell in a public square to be rung to call the authorities into council when any one had suffered a wrong.

The bell had been long out of use, the place being orderly, and the rope having rotted from expos-

ure it was patched out with platted straw. One night the town was startled by the bell clanging "some one hath done a wrong — hath done a wrong." The old horse was nibbling around at the short grass and had accidentally got a mouthful of the straw rope which he pulled and rang the bell. The council assembled at midnight; the old horse was brought into court — his story was told, and his master was obliged to take him home and cheer his declining years. This old horse's wrongs were righted and he was happy,

But his master was a rich prince, who could well afford the luxury of an old horse.

So far as we know his history, our old horse met with no such kind friends and good luck. He was a "Dobbin" or "Dapple," and a drudge in the lower circles of horshood. He had never charged in the front of battle; nor responded to the cheers of a crowd on the race course; nor carried off a blue ribbon at a State fair — the proudest ambition of a highbred, noble stallion.

He was the horse of poor yet respectable people who could ill afford to feed him after he had ceased to be useful. The skin and bones of an old horse are not worth keeping hanging round, and it unfortunately happens that his appetite for corn and oats and clover increases with age. His legs and eyes may utterly fail, but his teeth are the last to wear out.

What is the poor owner of such a poor horse to do? The song has it — "let him die." It is a hard case all round. Strict justice to the beast would often be gross injustice to the man. If the animal

has anything to complain of, it is his own organization and persistent constitution, which enable him to eat long after he is unable to work for his board. He becomes, as it were, his own stocks, in which he sticks as a mark for everybody's abuse. Nature appears to have gifted him with mistaken economy, which has entailed great misery on the whole horse race, and distracted man with melancholy songs. There is no help for it. "Poor old horse! Let him die."

From another correspondent the following is received:—

"OLD HORSE: The words of the song you wish can be found in Dana's 'Two Years before the Mast.'" That book was consulted. It was printed thirty-two years ago. It is all about sailors and the salt seas, and gives an account of a voyage to California at that remote period before the railroad folded together the East and West like two pages of the book. It dishes up "old horse" in French style. Sailors are in the habit of making rough jokes even about the dainties of their table. Seamen have a tradition that a beef dealer was once convicted in Boston of having sold "old horse" for ships' stores instead of beef, and had been sentenced until he should eat a whole horse, and that he is now lying in Boston jail eating horse meat. Dana gives the following rhymes as chanted by sailors over their efforts to stow away tough beef:—

"Old horse! old horse, what brought you here?
From Sacarap to Portland pier
I've carted stone this many a year;

Till, killed by blows and sore abuse,
They salted me down for sailors' use.
The sailors they do me despise,
They turn me over, and damn my eyes,
Cut off my meat, and scrape my bones,
And pitch me over to Davy Jones."

This is an honest effort at animal painting, but it is very far from a picture of our old horse. It does not begin to describe the depth of his woes. We shall have to look further, even if we fare worse.

Here is another letter on the subject, which promises some genuine satisfaction: "If 'Old Horse' is serious about wanting the words of the old song entitled 'Poor Old Horse,' the writer can supply them, in part at least, just as he learned them from his father thirty years ago in the 'mother country.' He has never seen them either in print or manuscript, and a part of the old song has slipped from memory. So much as he knows he herewith encloses, hoping some one else will step in and make up the deficiency. The writer is curious to know the motives which prompted the advertisement and the name of the parties thereto—to satisfy which he sends his full name and address."

"POOR OLD HORSE.

"Come all you gentlemen,
With courage stout and bold,
Who have got a good old horse,
Take care of him when he's old.
Mind, be sure, you use him well,
Mark well what I now say,
And all in their due season,
Give him good corn and hay,
Poor old horse.

"Once, when young, I was fed
 On the best of corn and hay,
 That ever in the fields grew,
 Or in the meadows green and gay.
 But now I am growing old,
 I can get no corn at all;
 I'm obliged to crop the short grass,
 That grows 'round the wall.
 Poor old horse!

'Once, too, I was clothed
 In best linsey-woolsey fine;
 And I was well fed up,
 And my body it did shine.
 But now in the open fields
 I'm for-ced for to go,
 To bear cold winter's storms,
 Hail, rain, frost, and snow.
 Poor old horse!

"My skin unto the huntsman
 So freely I would give;
 My body to the hounds,
 I'd rather die than live,
 And lay down my precious limbs
 That have run so many miles,
 O'er hedges, ditches, mountains high,
 As well as gates and stiles.
 Poor old horse!

* * * * *
 "But now I'm growing old,
 My nature feels decay;
 And as I in my stable stood,
 I heard my master say —
 Poor old horse!

* * * * *
 "We'll whip him, stick him, turn him out,
 To the dogs we'll let him go,
 Poor old horse!"

O! "lame and impotent conclusion." But 'tis just like a dying horse. How the words fail towards the last. Dust of oblivion! Scarcely worth sweeping up!

Still another communication:—

"If the gentleman who wants to know the words of 'Poor Old Horse, Let him Die,' will call at — he might get them."

The gentleman called as directed, and the following is the treasure of another memory:—

"POOR OLD HORSE, LET HIM DIE.

"My clothing was once of woolsey, spun so fine;
My tail it grew long, and my body did shine.
But now I'm growing old, I have no friends at all,
I'm forced to clip the wild grass that grows beneath yon wall.

Poor old horse, let him die.
Whip him, strip him, turn him out,
Poor old horse, let him die.

"Now I'm getting old, nature does decay;
I've been master of yon field for many a long day.
My master he was good, and to me was very kind,
But now I have to hunt my food, and sometimes hard to find.

Poor old horse, let him die.
Whip him, strip him, turn him out,
Poor old horse, let him die.

"That old horse, blind and lazy, he's eating all my hay and straw,
And he is noway fit my heavy team to draw;
He's poor and he's old, he's no use to me now,
And he can not work any more in harrow, cart or plow.

Poor old horse, let him die.
Whip him, strip him, turn him out,
Poor old horse, let him die.

"Now, to conclude and finish up my hunting song,
My skin 'I give the huntsman, my body to the houn',
And for my poor old bones, they may bleach in the sun,
Unless my master buries them for what they have done.

Poor old horse, let him die.
Whip him, strip him, turn him out,
Poor old horse, let him die."

How memories differ in regard to sound, and yet how tightly they grasp the sense that has impressed them. Here are the recollections of two, and the reader may take his choice. No language is safe till it is printed. It may not be considered worth printing at the time it is uttered, but somebody will want to repeat it sometime. Rude songs and ballads contain the soul of the people who sing them. We would have been better and wiser to-day if more of this heart-music of our English fathers had been preserved. "Poor Old Horse" was evidently popular, and sung in many farm-house and stable. Its moral is good, and cultivates humanity. The above imperfect outlines are all that is left of it. Was it worth the search? Yes! If it stirs a pleasant memory in a single old man, and touches a string in his heart that vibrates the tones of the boy.

At best, things don't sound to us now like they did when we were boys. Do they? The voices that spoke them are hushed, and in these lay the charm of the notes and sentiments that were sweetest music to the ear and heart of childhood.

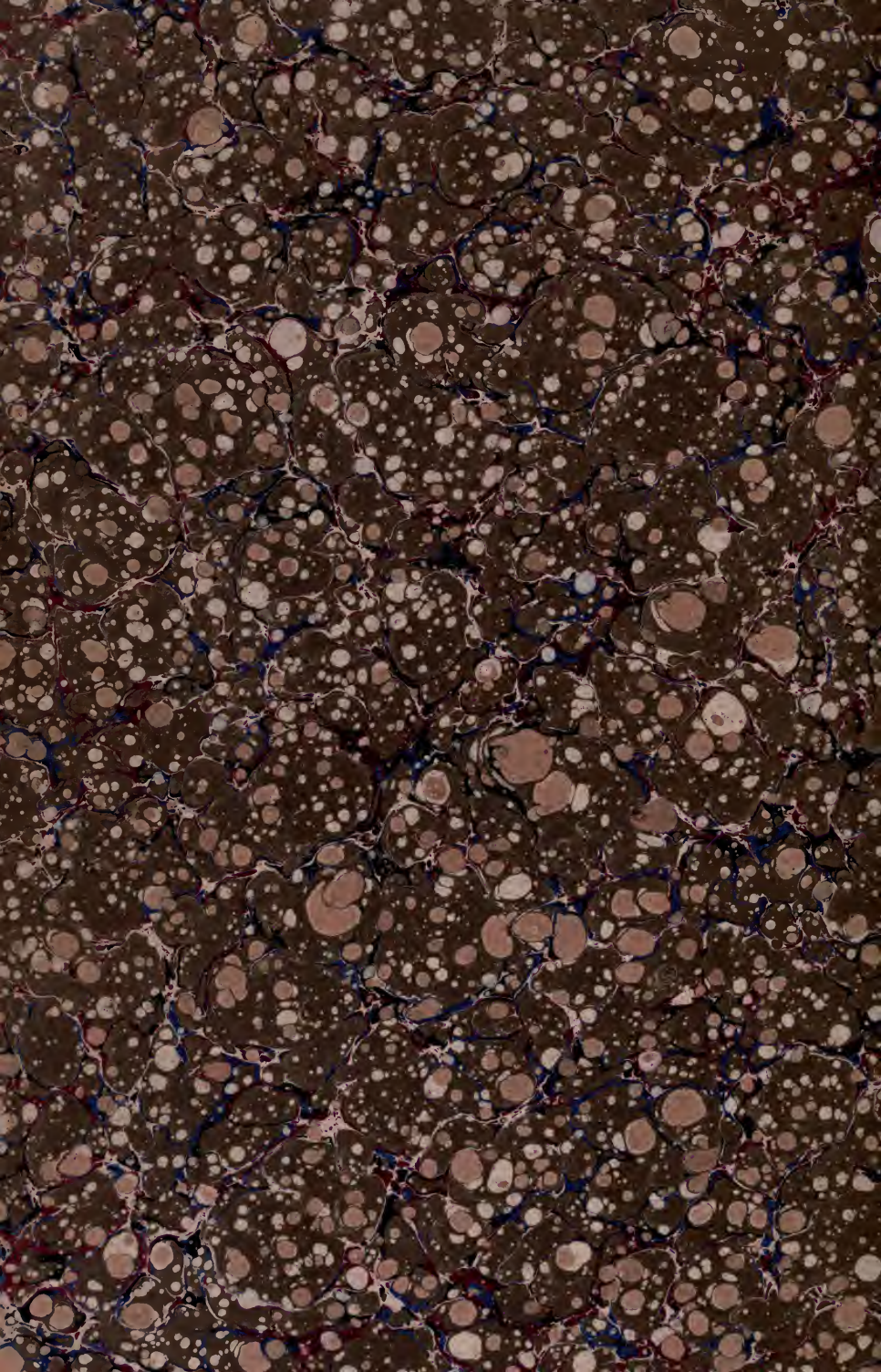
In the young days of "Poor Old Horse" the printing press was not so busy as it is now, and the best memories can but imperfectly supply the

blanks it left. Now the press gathers up everything of present and future value as it goes. If anything is lost, mislaid or stolen, the printing machine can find it—from a great fortune wanting heirs, down to scraps of the skin and bones of a poor old horse that lived long ago.









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